RENSSELAERVILLE.

REMINISCENCES AND RHYMES.

RENSSELAERVILLE.

REMINISCENCES

—— AND ——

RHYMES.

REPRINTED FROM THE VILLAGE NEWSPAPERS.

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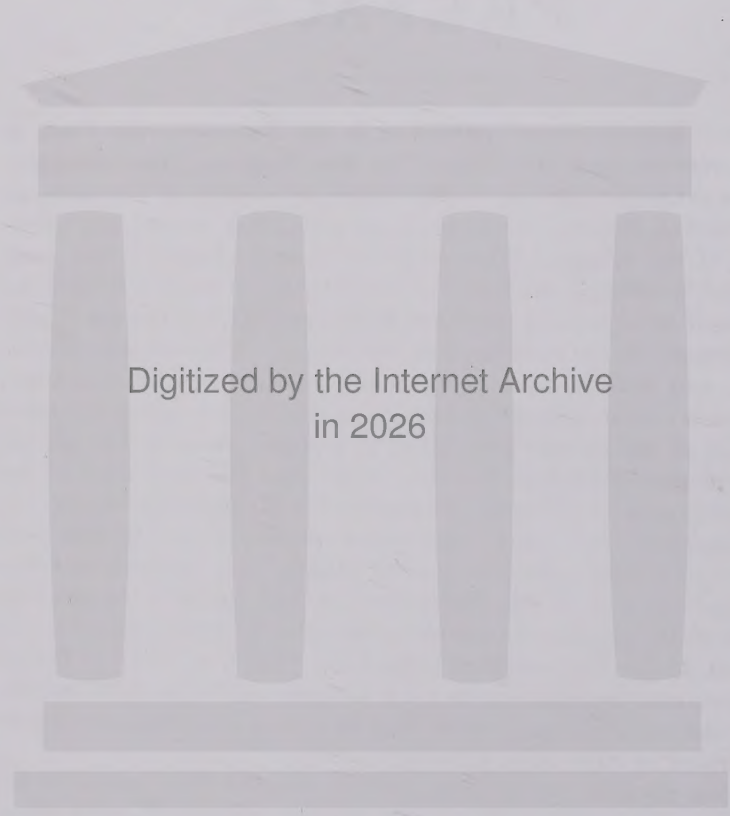
Mrs Emily Niles Huyck
from C. M. Jenkins

PREFACE.

The "Reminiscences" published in the Rensselaerville Press in 1873, over the name of "Citizen" by Mrs. Washbon, grand-daughter of the earliest inhabitant of the village, are nearly, if not quite, all the existing printed historical papers pertaining to the early settlement of the village. This re-print of those "Chapters," was commenced in 1888, as an intended contribution towards a celebration proposed to be held on the 22nd February 1888, the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the village. The earliest consultations, and consideration of the matter, soon raised the conviction that such a celebration should not be proffered to our widely scattered friends, of the present generation, at a place so remote from all the conveniences of modern travel, so high upon the bleak tops of the Catskills, and at a day in the depth of a Helderbergh winter. A postponement to a more comfortable season, if not to that well known and fatal "more convenient season" was the first, and this finished re-print of the Reminiscences will probably be the last result of the proposed centennial celebration of 1888. As such it is offered to the few scattered individuals who, from local or family interest, may desire to preserve it in kind remembrance of the author, or of the noble pioneers, whose virtues, labors, and trials are in part illustrated in "the short and simple annals."

A few rhymes, by the same author, selected from the same old newspapers, and inserted to give thickness to the volume, were found to require the addition of some similar rhymes connected controversially, historically, or by reference, written by other native newspaper poets, whose assent was obtained or could be assumed. In the confusion and uncertainty thus created as to the sex, names, and residences of such other writers, it is due to all, to state here, that none of the following rhymes, were ever claimed by, or can be justly attributed to Mrs. Washbon, except those which, either with or without other signature, are, in this volume, followed by a star (*).



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From the *RENSSELAERVILLE PRESS* of January, 1873.

REMINISCENCE

—— OF THE ——

HISTORY OF RENSSELAERVILLE.

The following statement is but just to all parties: The announcement in the issue of the Press of December 21st, that material was in the hands of a *citizen* for a complete history of Rensselaerville, from its earliest settlement down to the present time, was made without examination of the documents, or consultation with the citizen. A kind regard for the Press, and wish for its success, are the alone reasons for giving the few chapters of Reminiscence, which fall far short of the advertisement, to the readers of that enterprising paper.

Citizen.

CHAPTER I.

"RENSSELAERVILLE, a post village of Albany Co., N. Y., in a township of its own name, about 24 miles W. S. W. of Albany. It contains a newspaper office, 4 churches, an academy, a flour mill, and woolen factory. Pop. 526. The township is drained by the Catskill creek, and contains a village named Preston Hollow. Pop. 2,582." So says the *Gazetteer*, and this information is quite enough for the public. Some of your readers, however, may be gratified by an occasional chapter of facts and incidents, as "they were told to me," of the settlement of the town, and

more particularly of the village. It will be well, at least, for our young friends, who seem, all at once, to be so laudably wide awake to out do their ancestors, to be told of what stuff they were made; and to be furnished dates to keep the centennial.

The town organization dates back to 1791. Berne was taken from it in 1795, and a part of Westerlo in 1815, leaving Rensselaerville to occupy the south-west corner of what was known as the "Manor of Rensselaer Wyck." The town was surveyed in 1786, and divided into square lots of 160 acres. It is eight and a half miles in extent on the south and east lines, and six on the north. The general slope of the land, though broken by high ridges, is south and east, the north west corner of the town being about the highest land between the Hudson, on the east, the Mohawk, on the north, and the Schoharie, on the west. It would seem that the Catskills had taken this town under their special oversight, bounding its southern view entirely, so that there is scarce a nook or corner of the town which is not peered into by some peak of these beautiful blue mountains.

The claims and rights of the Van Rensselaer family to the tract of land, comprising most of the present counties of Albany and Rensselaer, commenced with the colonial settlement in 1630, at Albany, under the "Freedoms and Exemptions" granted by the "West India Company" (a corporation created under the laws of Holland) to persons founding Dutch Colonies. These concessions secured, or rather promised, to the adventurous capitalist who would risk his life or fortune in the new world, liberal grants of land in proportion to the number of colonists sent out, with such privileges and powers of government in his colony, as were held and exercised by the *Patroons*, or *Lords*, of the many feudal *Manors* existing in Holland.

Up to the time of the final surrender of the Dutch to the English, in 1664, the colony of Rensselaerwyck had

scarcely extended beyond the islands of the Hudson river, and such adjoining banks as could be protected from the Indians. That portion of the wilderness which was to be the reward of the Patroon of Rensselaerwyck was scarcely trodden by the white men, and was entirely undefined, and seems to have remained without declared and ascertained limits or boundaries, until the grants from the English Government, in 1685 and 1704, gave title, form, and locality, by the brief description of "all that tract of land called Rensselaerwyck, beginning at the south end or part of Berren Island, on Hudson's river aforesaid, and extending northward, up along both sides of the said river unto a place theretofore and yet called the Kahoos, or the great falls of the said river, and extending itself east and west all along from each side of the said river backwards into the woods, twenty-four English miles."

Previous to these English grants, the claims of the Dutch Patroon had been long expanding, not by any actual or possible occupancy, but by successive purchases from, and grants by the Indians, under regulations adopted by the government for their protection, but by descriptions as indefinite and uncertain as the claims and title of the wandering tribes. Such vague and undefined claims afforded to the English the opportunity they desired, to make grants of vast tracts of the then wilderness, which they did, as Chief Justice Smith says, because "at that early day, the great object was to gain dominion over these vast deserts, by joining occupancy to discovery, for the effectual exclusion of every other European power. To accomplish this end, grants were penned with all the negligence of liberality, the giver being benefited more by his seeming bounty than the adventurous grantee, who could not, even after acquiring his title from the Duke and the Crown, cultivate the soil in safety without buying peace from the savages, and that, as often as they were pleased to renew their claims."

At the close of the Revolutionary War, the Manor of Rensselaerwyck, which had, probably, for more than 150 years been an unproductive and very expensive adventure to the proprietors, was held by Stephen Van Rensselaer, who became of age in 1785, and then commenced the earliest practicable attempts to settle and improve the more remote parts of the Manor. We sometimes hear the questions: How did so stony, hilly, and forbidding a country come to be settled at all? Why did not our forefathers push on to some more level and fertile field? Quite likely they had pushed on as far as they cared, or were able to do, with the means of locomotion then known and adapted to the country, and many of them exhausted by their services in the war, were glad to accept the offer of lands without the conditions of a money payment. The "Patroon of the Colony," or "Lord of the Manor," as he was afterwards called, gave to each settler the free use of the land for seven years, and thereafter, if he choose to retain it, a perpetual lease or grant in fee, subject to the payment annually of 22½ bushels of wheat, a day's service with carriage and horses, and four fat fowls, for each lot of 160 acres. There were some further conditions whenever a lot changed owners by sale, giving the Patroon either a double rent for one year, or a quarter of the purchase money. All mines and minerals were strictly *reserved*, though none have been found as yet for a hundred miles around, but it was a new country, and no one could tell what might "turn up." To the payment of rent in wheat there was no objection, so long as wheat would grow, and thereafter the money price of wheat was given instead; but in the course of a half century, "the day's service and four fat fowls," which the fathers had gladly promised, became exceedingly odious to the boys. The rents, meanwhile, through the clemency of the Patroon and his agents, had, both wheat and fowls, been allowed to *run back*, till the fowls amounted to a flock, and there was no alternative

but to fight it out under plea of an invalid title in the Patroon, or pay the rent, or give up the land. They were unhappily too much directed and encouraged by politicians and lawyers; and had they succeeded, they would have been much like the Dutchman who sawed off the limb on which he stood. The tenants had only the Patroon's title to stand upon.

Of the Helderbergh war, which has given us ridiculous notoriety, we, or many of us, were too much a part and parcel to make it a popular subject for a local paper. We may say, however, "with charity to all," that this war, which now appears to have been as ill-advised as it was unsuccessful, has put our country back, in every respect, more than any other one cause, and has cost, in time and money, enough to cross and re-cross our town with railroads. If, however, there is any one learned in the history of that famous rebellion, who thinks the time has come for an impartial history, and desires to renew the sad remembrance of our feats and defeats, in that long struggle, there will be abundant room in the *Press*, perhaps between, certainly at the end of our chapters.

Before the close of the Revolutionary War, a settlement was made on the Catskill creek, in the western portion of the town, now "Preston Hollow," by Preston, Vandyke, Couchman and others. The first settler in the northern part of the town is said to have been Andrew Asher, of German descent. He built a log hut on lot 224, now occupied by William Chapman. Michael Brandt, James Borthwick, Becker, Brice and Lincoln were scattered on different points from Preston's settlement to the Pond hill, west of the village. Adam and John Coon, Ashbel and Joel Culver, five brothers and two sisters of the Hatch family, Dudley Adams, Asa and Joseph Woodford, Philo Camp, and Reuben King, were among the early settlers. Many of these men came before the town was surveyed and allotted. Apollos Moore came from Pittsfield, Mass., in

1785, and built a dwelling house two miles east of the village. We find an item of history connected with this man in the Gazetteer and Directory of Albany and Schenectady counties of 1870, which leads us, perhaps unjustly, to give a wide margin to the statements of such publications. Judge Moore, as well as most of the settlers, might have brought his wife and all his wordly goods on a five dollar horse, and not made himself amenable to Mr. Bergh, but he married, after his settlement in the town, the sister of his near neighbor, Jeremiah Jackson, and for aught we know, may have brought her to her new home on horseback.

In 1788–9, a frame house and store were built on the hill known as *Pisgah*, or more familiarly, "the old meeting-house hill," by Benjamin Frisbee and his sons John and Reuben. This house is of extraordinary dimensions for the time, has withstood the storms of nearly a century, and is no doubt considered by Rufus Bouton, its present owner, good for at least a half century more.

A military road from Athens (then Lunenburg), Greene county, passed through the south part of the town, and was crossed by another road from Beaverdam, now Berne, a little east of Andrew Asher's house. Another road, originally an Indian trail, but used for transporting military stores, crossed the town farther north, known as the "Basic Path." These roads were so covered by undergrowth as to be passable only for ox teams.

The settlers found on the bank of the Ten Mile creek, near the village, what had been a tory camp, built of logs in wigwam style, and another on the ground now covered by the "Pond." Marked trees were the guide from one cabin to another. Each settler appears to have built his first house upon his highest point of land, and these tree-marked paths were the beginnings of our present roads from hill top to hill top. With the country now cleared of its forests, these roads, with their elevation of fourteen

or fifteen hundred feet above the Hudson river, give us many views as fine as one can wish to see, and if they could be as well appreciated by the patient animals which carry us, we might be better reconciled to this primitive mode of engineering.

Pioneer life in 1780 differed somewhat from the easy life of the present day, when no place is inaccessible to those who have conveniences to advertise or sell. Think of taking a bag of corn on your back to Berne or Schoharie to be ground; think, when the mail is an hour behind time with your papers, of hearing nothing from the outside world for weeks or even months. It might do very well to get out from under a snow-bank even, to breakfast on hot cakes, syrup and coffee, but try it on bean soup, minus the savory bit of pork, and watered to a degree that would satisfy any railroad director — you may then have some idea of the hardships, the isolation and privations endured by these men and women in a locality only twenty-four miles from the present capital of the State of New York.

CHAPTER II.

There is nothing like having a good foundation, and we propose, before building our village, to give, so far as we can ascertain it, the then condition of the town as to settlement, improvements, buildings, roads, etc. A map of the Manor of Rensselaer Wyck, made for the proprietor, by John R. Bleecker, surveyor, in 1767, shows no inhabitant, dwelling or road within the limits of our present town. Mr. Bleecker says that the south line of the manor was located by a line of marked trees, according to a survey made by Mr. Edward Collins in 1735. From the map and field notes of William Cockburn, who divided the south-west part of the manor into lots in 1786–7, it appears that at that time about sixty-seven persons had

commenced improvements, and about fifty-nine buildings had been erected, all probably in the prevailing styles of log architecture, within the limits of the present town. These were located chiefly along and near the roads designated then as the *old* and new roads from Freehold to Schoharie. The *old* road entered the town on lot 17, the south-east corner of the town, and passed north-westerly through the town. The *new* road entered on lot 11, and by a northerly course joined the *old* road on lot 224, then partly improved by Andrew Asher, who was mentioned in our former chapter. Through these roads the early settlements seem to have come in from the south and progressed mainly along the "west street," as it was afterwards called, which accounts for the persistence of the settlers in trying to locate and keep their prospective "city" on "Pisgah's" fair height, where it would have become a "city on a hill," with an outlook, as is said, into the five States of New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire.

We give here the numbers of the lots upon which more or less improvements had been made at the date of William Cockburn's survey (1786), followed by the names of the bold, strong men, then called "squatters," who led the attack upon the dense forests of this wild region. We do this that these men and names may be better known, remembered and honored, and with the hope that some of their descendants may be induced to furnish us with facts of interest concerning them (which must soon pass into oblivion unless put in print), as material for this or some more general history of the town.

Lots 5 and 6, Jeremiah Young; 7, Peter Plank; 8, Peter West; 9, Charles Edwards; 11, Gershom Stevens; 24, Hendrick Young; 25, Peter Shoemaker; 26, Peter Becker; 37, William Showerman; 43, Peter Emerick; 45, Peter Bassom; 47 and 67, John Ellis; 56, Peter Miller; 66, Bastian Smith; 70, Samuel Howe; 84 and 85,

Andrus Houck; 88 and 89, Curtis Cleveland and Jessie Pierce; 90, Abel Mudge; 92 and 102, Smith and Johannes Hagadorn and Peter Huyck; 103 and 104, Derick Vandyke; 108, John Pierce; 109, Sylvester Pierce; 111, Daniel Cooper; 113, * * ; 125, Abner Tremain; 127, Caleb Prince; 128 and 148, Daniel Mudge; 129, * * ; 131, Daniel Cooper; 143, * * ; 145, Thomas Farrington; 147, Samuel Martin and Josiah Skinner; 149, George Van Beuren; 167, Levi Green; 168 and 187, John Coon; 169 and 170, Jonathan Skinner; 181, Beal Phelps; 185 and 186, Neal McFalls; 186, Thomas Brown; 186, Adam Coon; 188, 189, 208, 209, Reuben Bumpis, Phileman Lee and Hezekiah Dibble; 204, Kendrick Rhoda and Samuel Nichols; 206, Gamaliel Palmer; 207, John Nichols; 209, * * Cook; 210, Beal Cook; 223, Jonathan Edmons; 224, Alanson Saxton and Log Meeting House; 225, Andres Asher and Michael Brant; 225, 245 and 246, Ashbel Culver; 226, 245, 246, John Resegue; 227, Nathan Hatch; 227, Jonathan Crocker; 243, 244, Widow Becker; 247, Daniel Cooper; 263, James Borthwick; 267, Joseph Lincoln; 267, John Rancear; 261 and 281, James Broyce; 282, John Herren; 283, 303, 304, John Hunter; 284, * * ; 302 and 303, Samuel Ramsey; 350, George Ramsey; 351, John Connel.

The improvements indicated on this map, are small clearings, trees enough cut to put up a log house. In some cases they consisted only of the girdling of trees preparatory to chopping. There were only eight houses on all that part of the town north of the village lot, No. 249.

CHAPTER III.

With the exception of a few German and Scotch families, the settlers in this part of the town were from New England—men in pursuit of labor. No where could they have hit upon a spot where so much labor was needed,

with so little prospect of reward. Stony, mountainous and heavily timbered, the only way of disposing of the forest was to cut pile and burn the trees upon the land. The timber went to market in the form of potash, which at once became an important, as it was the first article of export. The current price of ashes was 12½ cents per bushel, and an ashery was an indispensable institution to the merchant. There had been an attempt at milling, previous to 1788, on a small stream at the outlet of a swamp on the Cross farm, by a Mr. Murdock. The millstones were brought on horseback, but for some reason, now unknown, failed to be of any use. Some of the settlers provided themselves with mortars for crushing corn and wheat. They were made of large logs, cut or sawed at a proper height, with a cavity burned out in the upper end to hold grain.

The stream called the "Ten Mile Creek," rises in the south part of Berne, runs through the town of Renselaerville in a southerly direction, and empties into the Catskill creek, below the village of Oak Hill. This stream was, at the time of the settlement, constant, and supposed to be sufficient for milling purposes at all seasons of the year; but as the forests were cut down, the streams dwindled, and it was soon found necessary to build a dam. The first was built of logs, four or five feet high. It was soon destroyed by a freshet. A much larger and heavier one was then built, mostly by the voluntary labor of the inhabitants. This formed a reservoir or lake, always dignified by the name of "The Pond," covering nearly one hundred acres in a natural basin, from five to fifteen feet deep. This "pond" has since been fine fishing ground, and a delightful resort for pleasure parties. This second dam, with additions and repairs, stood till the disastrous freshet in April, 1870. If the wheel had turned itself, we doubt if the idea of this lake, with its sheltered coves, which so beautifully mirror the hills and woodlands around it, had

ever entered the heads of our ancestors, or cheered the sight of their descendants; but this need not be recorded. Voidness of ornament is a characteristic of our community. We are in this respect, at least, the children of our plodding fathers.

On the 22d of February, 1788, Samuel Jenkins came, with his family, from the vicinity of West Stockbridge, Mass., to the village site, the roughest and rockiest portion of the town. This was, then, a deep ravine, the rocky channel of the Ten Mile Creek, blocked up by fallen trees, darkened by the thick shade of the hemlock, shut in by the high and steep surrounding hills, and covered with a deep snow. A more cheerless and forbidding place could not be imagined. Mr. Jenkins had spent a part of the previous year here, making his home with the Culvers, on the Hagaman farm, and had put up a log house on the ground now occupied by Mrs. Charles L. Mulford. He came to put up a flouring mill, and in the following spring, by the timely arrival of a party of men looking for farms, the mill was raised very nearly on the spot where the present mill stands. The united ox-power of the neighborhood was scarce sufficient to bring the mill-stones from Hudson, where they were purchased. They were soon put in the mill and in motion, and we may call the village, known for a long time thereafter as "Jenkins' Mills," fairly started, and we doubt if even the delightful music of our village band, on a summer night, could have ever been more welcome and stirring than the first whirl of the mill wheel. The thought of bread for the wife and little ones might well give fresh vigor to the woodman's axe.

In 1788, Hans Winegar came from Old Stockbridge, and took a lease of the village lot, No. 249, and built a log house near where the present hotel stands. The clearing of this lot, which was probably the roughest and most difficult lot to subdue, in the town, was mostly the work of Mr. Winegar and his sturdy sons.

With but two families and a mill, in this little community, there was no room for gossip or idleness; and the friendship and harmony which pervaded these two families gave an ever-pleasant memory to their children, sympathysing as they did alike in the remembrance of their New England homes of comparative comfort, their successes and disappointments in their forest lives, and their hopes for still better times, which were raised and sustained by the active prosperity of the Helderbergh colony. Of their experiences in the wilderness, no records and but few traditions have been brought down to us. One of these narrates that, during the winter of 1789, it became necessary for Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Winegar to make a journey to Albany, and on foot, of course, as there was no road in that direction over the Helderbergh, and but an occasional clearing between those magnificent hills and Albany. The wives left alone, thought best to consolidate for mutual protection, and after selecting the larger house of Mrs. Winegar as the most defensible, Mrs. Jenkins, at nightfall, repaired thither with the children, beds and bedding. The fastened up blanket, which was the only door, not coming up to their ideas of defensive preparations, the steel-trap for bears and wolves was set at the entrance, and, thus protected, the family retired for the night, but not to sleep. A vagrant dog, who, no doubt, had some notion of the whereabouts of the family porridge kettle, found himself in the trap instead. All night the woods resounded with his piteous howlings, and there was not courage enough in the camp to go to his relief. At day light the largest boy was put out at a (so called) window, and sent to the nearest settler for help. Dame Winegar, to the no small amusement of the youngsters, finished the recital of the matter to her husband, on his return, with a couplet, which may as well be left to tradition, and is mentioned here only to show that rhymes were indigenous, and it is the good or bad fortune of the

Press that they have not entirely disappeared with clearing and culture.

The household duties of our mothers must have been simple in the extreme compared with the painful minutiæ of the present day. We may, however, except the process of bread making, for which the stereotyped receipt, "have ready a pan," was scarcely rudimentary enough. Each family took a bag of flour, their leaven, and the children too young to be left at the mill, and proceeded to the nearest oven (on the Hagaman farm), remaining until it was baked into bread. The settlers found themselves at one time without flour or grain, the mill unfinished and the wheat not ready to be cut. Going from one neighbor to another, they learned that each had depended upon borrowing, and that famine was actually upon them. In this emergency they had nowhere to look but to the Patroon of the Manor, to whom, it seems, they did not look in vain. Mr. Van Rensselaer immediately shipped fifty bushels of wheat to Catskill to be floured for their use. It was after the arrival of this supply that a little six-year-old girl marched her father home to his dinner from his work (with tears on his cheeks, as he afterwards stated,) to the touching refrain of "Father, we have bread again." A well-worn path leading to a spring at the head of the falls indicated that it had been the resort of deer, and there was an occasional alarm of wolf or panther, but bears were the pest and terror of the settlers. The cow, turned loose to browse, must be brought home at night, and the safe return of the deputation of children dispatched in search, was a matter of no small anxiety to the mothers. A dainty meal these children would have made for Mr. and Mrs. Bruin, who, with their family, seven in all, were one day seen crossing the creek a little below the mill site. Watch-fires were burned to keep them from the wheat and corn fields, which for a long time were subject to their devastating visits.

There was some dread of Indians. Two lads, sons of Mr. Brice, who lived in the north part of the town, were taken by the Indians about the time of the massacre of the Deitz family in Berne. They had gone to Berne to mill, were seized and marched back by the Basic path, in sight of their father's house, and finally carried away by the Indians and kept for many years. Except in this instance and an occasional visit from a strolling remnant of the Stockbridge tribe, no Indians (true or false) were seen here until about the year 1840, when the *Anti-Renters* disguised themselves as Indians, assumed savage names and paint, and pretended to claim and hold the lands as successors to the various tribes of the aborigines.

The religious interests of this part of the town at this early time were in charge of the Baptists. Elder Mudge, a convert from Shakerism, was the first preacher. He traveled from house to house when there were but few settlers. His successor, Elder Everett, was a preacher of some celebrity, and an indefatigable laborer in this new and extensive field. He preached from morning to night, regardless of the impatience of his hearers or the fatigue of himself. Doubtless he was a good old man, and deserves to be gratefully remembered for the self-sacrificing spirit which led him into the wilderness to be in truth "shaken by the winds." Young people are not remarkable for remembering sermons, but this much has come down to us of one of these worthy preachers. Being annoyed by some of his hearers going out, he digressed from his subject and exhorted those remaining "to stay and tough it out." Perhaps I cannot do better than end this chapter with this text: There is none too much of the spirit of "toughing it out" in the community at the present day.

CHAPTER IV.

The present chapter has not, we confess, an inviting look for general readers. They can skip it. But since we have the flattering assurance from various quarters that it will be the only one likely to be packed away and preserved by our towns-people, we are glad to be able to give them the following list, in which, for brevity, the number of each lot given in broad-faced type is followed by the name of the lessee and the date of the lease. The names in *italic* indicate parties who were occupants before the manorial survey and allotment were made. It will be noticed that the oldest leases were of lots 54, 94 and 134, made September 10, 1787; but the date of a lease does not in any case indicate when the occupancy commenced, which in most cases was many years before the lease was taken.

LIST.

Lot No. **1,** which is the south-west corner of the Manor and of Albany county, was occupied by Elisha Bates, no lease found; **2,** Josiah Morris, July 12, 1796; **3,** Nathan Smith, June 14, 1788; **4,** Stephen Bolles, July 6, 1791; **5,** *Jeremiah Young* and John Wolfen, July 18, 1803; **6,** *Jeremiah Young* and *Peter Plank*, July 14, 1788; **7,** Peter Plank (grist-mill) March 6, 1793; **8,** *Peter West*, August 29, 1794; **9,** *Charles Edwards* (meeting-house), June 23, 1795; **10,** Charles Edwards, July 18, 1803; **11,** *Gershom Stevens* (saw-mill), October 2, 1787; **12,** Joseph Dickson, October 2, 1787; **13,** Jonathan Pratt, October 2, 1787; **14,** Peabody Pratt, May 29, 1789; **15,** Samuel Rider and Elihu Gifford, February 15, 1799; **16,** John Lautman, March 10, 1788; **17,** Henry Spickerman, December 26, 1794; **21,** Benjamin Brand, July 13, 1796; **22,** Aaron Winne, July 12, 1796; **23,** Henry Young and Aaron

Winne, June 6, 1796; **24,** *Henry Young* and John Walker, July 2, 1796; **25,** *Peter Schoonmaker*, March 13, 1788; **26,** *Peter Becker*, January 26, 1796; **27,** Joseph Andrews and Hendrick Plank, Jr., November 4, 1797; **28,** Johannis Row, July 9, 1788; **29,** Martinias Hommel, October 30, 1801; **30,** Edw'd Taylor and Josh Thomas, June 21, 1791; **31,** Levi Tracy and Thos. Shadbolt, May 19, 1806; **32,** Elonzo Jennings and Reuben Treadwell, July 13, 1796; **33,** Wm. A. Tanner, Feb. 26, 1805; **34,** Joseph Hall, July 4, 1807; **35,** Jonathan Bedford, January 20, 1808; **36,** George Ben, March 10, 1788; **37,** John Gardner, April 17, 1795; **41,** Abraham Young, east part, July 12, 1796; **41,** Reuben Hill, west part, September 29, 1795; **42,** Willhelmus Wolf and Peter Emerick, December 8, 1795; **43,** *Peter Emerick*, January 27, 1796; **44,** Michael Schoonmaker, January 17, 1789; **45,** *Peter Basson* (saw-mill), April 20, 1793; **46,** Philip Scholdes, February 14, 1792; **47,** *John Ellis*, July 22, 1788 (new lease to Daniel Tuttle, December 5, 1835); **48,** Barent Burhans, November 9, 1801; **49,** Ezekiel Hull, March 2, 1789; **50,** Amos Mosher and Benjamin Worth, Aug. 23, 1805; **51,** Sanford Tracy, Aug. 24, 1805; **52,** James Mackey, February 26, 1805; **53** (grist-mill and saw-mill), Fitch Lampher, September 30, 1797; **54,** John H. Garrison, Sept. 10, 1787; **55,** Jacob and Wessel Strope, June 7, 1803; **56,** Alexander Campbell, August 13, 1806; **61,** Hendrick Mouse, July 12, 1796; **62,** Hendrick Bear, Jan. 30, 1796; **63,** Joseph Row, June 16, 1788; **64,** John Wolf, Jr., June 17, 1795; **65,** Sebastian Schmit, November 7, 1792; **66,** Martinus Shuldis, June 30, 1792; **67,** Charles Morat, October 24, 1789; **68,** Charles Morat, Dec. 13, 1789; **69,** Henry Person, October 2, 1787; **70,** *Samuel How* and Samuel Cleveland, October 2, 1787; **71,** William and Solomon Mackey, August 8, 1791; **72,** Jeremiah Parce, July 13, 1796; **73,** John Cox, April 25, 1788; **74,** Samuel Combe, Jr., February 23, 1797; **75,** Andrew Spickerman, February 10,

1803; **76,** Wm. Campbell, March 3, 1813; **81,** Abram Hallenbeck, Jr., west part, November 21, 1788; **81,** east part, Michael I. Hallenbeck, February 24, 1789; **82,** Samuel Potter, July 9, 1792; **83,** Wilhelmus Wolf, August 13, 1791; **84,** Samuel Preston and Micha Humphrey (sawmill), May 8, 1804; **85,** Samuel Burgess and Samuel Preston, April 10, 1794; **86,** Timothy and John Boardman, Jr., January 20, 1801; **87,** Jonas Kelsey and Henry Woolsey, July 13, 1796; **88,** Alexander Mackey and Jonas Kelsey, February 9, 1796; **89,** Johannes Conradt and Benjamin Briggs, April 25, 1795; **90,** Enoch and Silas Sayre, April 5, 1793; **91,** Barent and Abraham Dubois, September 21, 1792; **92,** *Johannes Hagadorn*, July 14, 1788; **93,** Samuel Combe, Jr., February 23, 1797; **94,** Conradt Showerman, September 10, 1787; **95,** John Dunham, July 13, 1796; **101,** John Hallenbake, Feb. 3, 1796; **102,** Noah Russel and Samuel Potter, January 7, 1804; **103,** *Henry Van Dyke* and Thiel Rockefeller, Jan. 25, 1797; **104,** *Henry* and *John Van Dyke*, Jan. 25, 1797; **106,** John G. Spencer and Thomas Farrington, Jan. 11, 1793; **106,** Jesse Nichols, July 23, 1800; **107,** John Winans and Maritie Eamon, Jan. 23, 1795; **108,** Lawrence Falk, west part, September 6, 1793; **108,** Jonas Kelsey, S. ½, March 3, 1789; **109,** Josiah F. Dean, April 25, 1795; **110,** Titus Palmer and Lawrence Dubois, June 18, 1804; **111,** William Connelly and George Wright, Dec. 18, 1795; **112,** Nathan and Silvanus Lounsbury, July 13, 1796; **113,** Peter Rivenbergh, May 12, 1804; **114** and **115,** Jeremiah Snyder, May 27, 1817; **121,** Russell Humphrey, west part, Aug. 26, 1794; **121,** east part, Henry Koutchman, December 16, 1793; **122,** Christian Brand and John Badjero, Jan. 9, 1794; **123,** Peter Bradt and James Gleason, July 9, 1793; **124,** Page Harriman, December 23, 1788; **125,** Robert Goff and Saunders Haynes, January 3, 1805; **126,** Joshua Gardner and John Hand, February 21, 1805; **127,** Elijah Wicks, March 4, 1795; **128,** Jacob Copland,

June 15, 1799; **129,** *Aaron* and *Jared Mudge*, October 2, 1787; **130,** John P. Knickerbocker, June 16, 1795; **131,** Allen Durant, February 26, 1799; **132,** George Dipple (saw-mill), Sept. 18, 1787; **133,** Benjamin B. Dacker, December 18, 1794; **134,** Hendrich H. Garrison, September 10, 1787; **141,** Joseph Birchard, February 28, 1800; **142,** David Alger, Feb. 19, 1793; **143,** David Alger and Josiah Marshall, October 20, 1796; **144,** Lora Lomis and John F. Empta, April 13, 1793; **145,** Thomas Farrington, April 28, 1789; **146,** John Lennon and Odadiah Wilde, Feb. 20, 1796; **147,** Elisha and William Sheldon, Jr., January 26, 1795; **53,** lease for grist and saw-

(CHAPTER V.—*Continuation of First Leases.*)

mill to Fitch Lamphear in 1797, who sold January 2, 1798, to Uriah Hall; **148,** Jesse Sammus, Sept. 2, 1795; **149,** Hezekiah Topping, May 15, 1795; **150,** David Crocker, Jr., W. ½, December 17, 1789; **150,** Uriah St. John, E. ½, Sept. 24, 1793; **151,** Joseph Lee, November 13, 1787; **152,** Peleg Peckham, February 17, 1799; **153,** Henry Campbell, part, December 31, 1811; **154,** Timothy and John Boardman, Jr., February 13, 1807; **161,** Apollos Moore, west part, May 29, 1798; **161,** Warner Barnes, east part, December 29, 1795; **162,** Hezekiah Beach and Amos Alger, January 27, 1801; **163,** Henry Hopping, July 7, 1788; **164,** David Redington and Jeremiah Hand, Oct. 14, 1794; **165,** Johannis Felter, January 21, 1799; **166,** William Murdock, April 24, 1795; **167,** Daniel Tanner, April 19, 1797; **168, 169, 170,** *Johannes Coons*, July 15, 1788; **171,** Apollos Moore, March 5, 1805; **172,** Uriah Chapin and Dyck Macrabach (*a colored fiddler*), July 15, 1796; **173,** Sunderland Pattison and Jonathan Pearce, Apr. 17, 1795; **181,** *Bela Phelps* and Thomas Pears, east part, Nov. 19, 1787; **181,** Peter H. Smith and Michael Harder, west part, Nov. 10, 1794; **182,** Asa Phelps, October 2, 1787; **183,** David Allworth and Cornelius Van Aken, January 9, 1831; **184,** Samuel Green-

leaf and Abraham Burnet, May 23, 1803; **185,** S. Callender and B. Hall, February 11, 1795; **186,** *Adam Coons*, Elisha Murdock and *Thomas Brown*, Feb. 11, 1795; **187,** *Adam Coons*, July 15, 1788; **187** (30-acre pt.), Aaron Hunt, Sept. 29, 1790; **188,** Philemon Lee, Nov. 10, 1787; **189,** Reuben Bumpus, October 2, 1788; **190,** Aaron Hunt, September 28, 1803; **191,** Henry Spawn, Feb. 9, 1797; **192,** Charles Mead and Wheeler Watson, Dec. 22, 1795; **201,** George Rivenbergh and J. Hallenbake, February 22, 1803; **202,** Abel Ford, Sept. 30, 1793; **203,** Jacob Charlier, Sept. 8, 1797; **204,** Elias Ames and Gad Hall, March 20, 1794; **205,** John Owen and Philo Camp, August 18, 1788; **206,** Thomas Brown and Alanson Saxton, July 15, 1788; **207,** Gamaliel Palmer and Henry Lewis, Oct 10, 1800; **208,** Joseph Woodford and William Hatch, Jan. 28, 1795; **209,** James White and Daniel Lindley, Jan. 13, 1799; **210,** David Bailey, ——— ———; **211,** William Wightman and Thomas Lee, Dec. 3, 1788; **212,** Jonathan Fish, March 5, 1801; **221,** David Hess, June 28, 1806, Joseph Woodworth, January 30, 1806, and David Newcomb, Sept. 16, 1796; **222,** Ariel Murdock, Nov. 15, 1787; **223,** Amos Beecher, July 20, 1803; **224,** Congregational Church, —— ———; **225,** east part, John Frisbee, July 22, 1801, and west part, Michael Brant, May 12, 1797; **226,** Ashbel Culver, Feb. 1, 1798; **227,** Samuel Fuller, *Melatiah Hatch* and Josiah Watson, May 11, 1797; **228,** Asa Woodford and Melatiah Hatch, March 4, 1795; **229,** Samuel Jenkins, William King, Wheeler Watson and Thomas Watson, Feb. 20, 1799; **230,** Elijah and Eber Sweet, June 6, 1788; **231,** Apollos Moore, January 15, 1798; **241,** Enoch and Silvanus Cooper, May 6, 1794; **242,** Samuel Nichols and John Owens, February 7, 1798; **243,** *Christian Becker*, Jan. 21, 1794; **244,** Joseph Lincoln, —— ———; **245,** Daniel Conklin, Jr., W. ½, March 20, 1812; **246,** Amaziah Palmer and Samuel Nichols,

March 4, 1796; **247,** John Couse, February 23, 1797; **248,** sold to Jonathan Jenkins, west part, and to Charles Peirson, east part, and others, pond, etc.; **249,** Hans Winegar, April 25, 1788, and second lease March 12, 1803; **250,** Henry and Josiah Conklin, May 28, 1798; **251,** Josiah Havenan, January 24, 1796; **261,** Hezekiah Watson and Job Sisson, west part, January 15, 1800; **261,** Jabez Sisson and Christopher Shreve, east part, May 7, 1795; **262,** Latiny Day and William Borthwick, Dec. 22, 1806; **263,** *James Borthwick*, January 28, 1796; **264,** Daniel Lamoree, Jan. 9, 1795; **265,** Reuben King, May 19, 1795; **266,** Nicholas Cornell, June 9, 1795; **267,** Rufus Watson, August 28, 1822; **268,** Jonathan Crocker, Jr., March 10, 1795; **269,** Daniel Conkling, Jr., May 28, 1798; **270,** Daniel Conkling, May 28, 1798; **281,** George Bell and George Cogshall, January 22, 1800; **282,** Isaac Cowles, May 9, 1788; **283,** William and Charles West, March 22, 1792; **284,** Benjamin Frisbee and Elisha West, October 31, 1794; **285,** Thomas and Benjamin Frisbee, Jr., February 25, 1796; **286,** Thomas Watson, February 22, 1809; **287,** Joseph Sisson, February 13, 1795; **288,** Salmon Sanford and William Weston, April 25, 1795; **289,** Asa and Barnabas Rice, March 8, 1796; **290,** Michael Boomhower and Valentine Casman, Dec. 23, 1799; **301,** Joseph Rollo, April 11, 1791; **302,** John H. Bushnell, March 29, 1798; **303,** Daniel Sears, January 20, 1806; **304,** John Sisson, June 6, 1796; **305,** Alfred Hoslop, April 18, 1788; **306,** John Raymond and George Sisson, Dec. 14, 1796; **307,** Shubel Bouton and Shubel Bouton, Jr., July 25, 1803; **308,** Martin Campbell, June 6, 1788; **309,** John Abel and Caleb Sanford, February 24, 1796; **310,** Samuel Frink and Salmon Sanford, Dec. 4, 1804; **311,** Steadman Fox, February 5, 1810; **349,** Edmund Watkins and Solomon Seaman, May 29, 1793; **350,** Peter Frisbee, Nov. 11, 1824; **351,** George Sanford, September 27, 1797; **352,** Christopher Almy, Jan.

30, 1809; **353,** Joseph Hopkins, May 7, 1802; **354,** Reuben Crosby, May 13, 1789; **355,** Salter Pullman, Feb. 19, 1788; **356,** Nathan and Seth Young, March 14, 1805; **357,** Pardon Kelsey, June 4, 1790; **358,** Elisha and Philander Goodrich and Caleb Sanford, September 7, 1796; **359,** Jonathan Crocker, Jan. 14, 1796; **360,** Ephraim Crocker and Samuel Lindsley, February 25, 1795, in the north-east corner of the present town.

CHAPTER VI.

Lest any one should be misled by the appearance of so many dwellings upon Cockburn's map, and imagine the town, at that period, in a populous and thriving condition, we will give a description of one of these houses, which will, doubtless, answer for nearly or quite all the others. A young lad, fresh from Connecticut, was sent by Dr. Frisbee with a package to be left at the next house on the "West street." Finding that the package had not been received, Dr. Frisbee called the lad to account. His explanation was, "that he did not stop at the next place because he thought it was only a coal-pit." To one who has seen one of these piles of earth and mud, topped out with a few logs, and roofed with hollow basswood, a coal-pit will readily suggest itself. Such were the dwellings of some of these pioneers for their life time; but the most of them, as soon as the mills were in operation, built more substantially, and, as one of them well qualified to make the assertion, has stated, "with a ball-room in every house that was large enough." Whether it was a sense of wholesome relief from the restraint of the Blue-Laws in that particular, or the exhilarating effect of the mountain air that so set our ancestors on tip-toe, we cannot decide, but certain it was, that they seemed never too weary, plainly dressed or down spirited, to enjoy a good dance. As dancing had not then been utilized to feed and clothe the needy, and

build and sustain charities generally, they must have danced solely for the pleasure it afforded. Zadoc Brown was town musician at the earliest date remembered. He was long assisted and finally succeeded by his son Harvey. These men, for two generations, managed the mill, and made the music, thus contributing so largely to the living, as well as the social enjoyment of the community, that they deserve to be as gratefully remembered as, we trust, they were generously rewarded. One blessing, which is above all others, our settlers seem to have enjoyed. Health was in the air and the water. Miasma, in any form, found no quarters between the fires continually burning on the hill sides. The inhabitants lost no time in shaking with ague and fever, but went directly to their work, leveling the forest without discrimination and with unsparing hand, and leaving us, their posterity, literally, the sport of every wind that blows. It was thought a good joke when one prudent wife persuaded her husband to move on west because, as she insisted, "it would not be long before this country would be destitute of firewood." It is a serious matter to us who have lived to see her fears well nigh realized, and are bringing our fuel from the mines of Pennsylvania. Whoever in the future cuts down one tree must have, at least, two planted and growing to take its place. This does not strictly belong to history, but where there is so little history and so much of everything else, it is almost impossible to keep always directly on the subject. Returning to our village, we must not omit mention of its first public building, which was put up by the boys to try their skill as builders, and pass away their time while waiting for their grain to be ground at the mill, near which it was located. This was a news room and gymnasium where the young foresters, who had not been able to work off their exuberance of health and spirit at log-rolling, met for feats of strength and agility. Here the stray numbers of the Albany *Gazette*, or the Catskill *Recorder*, which

sometimes found their way to the settlement, were read and discussed by the older heads.

Samuel Jenkins built the first framed house in the village on the same lot with the first log house, which he had built, as before mentioned, on the C. L. Mulford lot. He afterwards built the Foster House, now owned by Mr. Becker. The first framed was then sold to Mr. Lewis, and subsequently burned down. Mr. Jenkins occupied the Foster House until his son, Jonathan Jenkins, bought and built upon the Hans Winegar farm, in the lower part of the village, now occupied by Mulford Jenkins, the great-grandson of the first settler of the village. Mr. Samuel Jenkins lived to see the village in its most prosperous days; changed from a dense forest to a busy and thriving town, with mills, tanneries, factories, churches and schools, and an industrious, intelligent population, for which numerically we should be puzzled at this time to find accommodations. He died in December, 1837. His son, Samuel Jenkins, Jr., who was the first native of the village, married into the Cleveland family, and with them removed, with many other emigrants from our town, to a new settlement near Owego, Tioga county, N. Y. According to the most reliable authorities, the next building erected was the one fronting the bridge (now occupied by Mr. Southard), then a store of Frisbee & Rhodes. John Howard Frisbee, of this firm, was supplied with a small stock of goods by Mr. Rhodes of Long Island, but did not continue long in merchandising, probably finding the coining of money from ashes too laborious and slow for a speculator. We cannot expect to find that our townswomen were extensively engaged in shopping, with calico at one dollar a yard, and all other merchadise in proportion; but circumstanced as our two matrons were, with one needle, for a time, doing the work of two families, they could well appreciate the convenience of a store. A blacksmith shop and a small log house were next built, by

Mr. Northway, on the south-west corner of the village lot on the gore of land between the subsequent turnpike and the road (since closed) leading from the south to the upper mill near the falls. From 1789 to 1790 there was a rapid increase of immigrants. Farms were taken and clearings commenced in all parts of the town. Enoch, Ephraim and Amos Crocker, with duplicates of David and Jonathan Crocker, were here early. One of the Davids was an exceptional case. He brought with him eight hundred dollars in silver, which at once distinguished him for life from his namesake, and gave him the name of "Silver David." The Jonathan No. 2 took for life the name of "Cape Crocker," because he came from Cape Cod. One of the Crockers, with Howard, John and Reuben Frisbee, built the first saw-mill on the Ten Mile creek directly below the flouring mill, using the same falls. The upper and higher falls remained unused for milling purposes till a much later period. Our village at this time began to assume an importance quite uncomfortable to the Messrs. Camp, Nichols, Chappel, Murdock, Callender, Saxton, Borthwick, Crockers and other dwellers upon the "West street;" but this settlement still so far outnumbered the village that for a time it continued to lead in religion, literature and fashion. Here, as we shall see, the first religious society was formed in 1793, the first school was taught, and Dillworth administered to the youth from far and near by Nathan Hawley in a log school-house. Here the belles and the beaux of the time repaired on foot, on horseback, on pillions, to join the dance in the Frisbee House. The Frisbee family were originally from Branford, Conn. Benjamin, Jr., removed to Roxbury, Delaware county; Rufus went to Oneida county, and Peter and Thomas were farmers in this town till their death. John and Reuben practiced medicine, but not exclusive of other pursuits. They were merchants, and with their father carried on a large ashery,

and were actively engaged in all matters pertaining to the interests of the town. Benjamin Frisbee was the first justice of the peace in 1788. We have permission from his daughter, Mrs. James Jarvis, to insert a letter written by Dr. Reuben Frisbee in 1788, which, beside being a model love letter, acquaints us with the spirit of the people at that time. One cannot but wish the answer to this epistle had been preserved, for Lucinda Murray, who soon after became hostess of the first public house, keeper of the Federal Library, and constituted the court of appeals in all village matters, would well appreciate the enthusiasm of her friend in regard to the new country and its people :

RENSSELAER, Sept. 27, 1788.

DEAR LUCINDA—With pleasure I improve an opportunity to write you a few lines, though I have nothing very remarkable to write. We were yesterday favored with the company of Mr. Rensselaer, together with a number of other gentlemen (commissioners of highways) from Albany. A large number of inhabitants assembled on the occasion, who being dictated to by different interests, raised some warm debates concerning highways, but by the wise conduct of the commissioners and Mr. Rensselaer, all terminated in perfect unanimity. In the evening, the people requested Mr. Rensselaer to *christen* the place, as the name Rensselaer Wyck was too underterminate, and letters directed to people here were liable to be carried to some part of the "Wyck" forty or fifty miles distant. Mr. Rensselaer agreed to the proposal, but said he did not recollect a name, at present, that suited his mind. Mr. Hun (the director of his affairs), after a short conference with Mr. Rensselaer, informed the people that the western district of the "Manor of Rensselaerwyck" tract, by a late act of the Assembly, had been named "Waterfleet Town," and that the name of Rensselaerwyck was now extinct.

He, therefore, recommended that the name of "Rensselaer" be given to the settlement extending eight miles square. The name being proposed to Mr. Rensselaer, he consented thereto with becoming readiness, which was received by the people with hearty attestations of joy and satisfaction. The conduct of the young "Lord" seems to give universal satisfaction to the people. It is pleasing to observe what confidence they place in him; his word is their law; his decisions are invincible. What may not a man of his influence effect? Heaven grant him through life the virtuous mind he seems now to possess. I would not insinuate that the people are mean and servile; they are far from it; but his generous conduct leaves no room for complaint. May the place ever reflect honor on the illustrious name of Rensselaer.

Pardon, my dear, this digression from the subject of my delight. Perhaps you may think I have forgot to whom I am writing. But this letter must end where it should have begun, and I must bid you adieu for the present. Subscribing myself your faithful friend, etc.,

REUBEN FRISBEE.

This christening, which was received with such "joy and satisfaction by the people," seems to have been so soon forgotten, and so long overlooked, that we have lost the real name of our *town*, by the addition of the terminal "ville," a mere contraction for village, a plain misnomer, which never was intended, but cannot now be mended. We find our place described in a public document as late as 1806, as "the village called the city, near Jenkin's Mills." It is quite likely that the establishment of the post office put an end to this bewilderment about names. Albany was our post office for several years. An old man named Brown made occasional journeys on foot, and brought letters. After him Mercellus Weston brought weekly private mail. Dillus Backus was the first mail

carrier under the government. The date of his appointment is not remembered, but as Eli Hutchinson, who came from East Hampton, Long Island, in 1801, was our first postmaster, it could not well have been before that date.

CHAPTER VII.

In the portion of the town lying east of the Ten Mile creek, we find the farm now owned by Mr. Hoag (lot 113) and the farm then occupied by Mr. Lincoln (lot 267, now the "Pond lot,") to be the nearest lots to our village, and the only ones on which improvements had been made before the date of the Cockburn survey. Apollos Moore is said to have been in the town as early as 1785. He subsequently settled two miles east of the village, on lot 212, and built a substantial house which became his home for life. Mr. Moore was a prominent man in the town, holding successively most of the town offices, and was appointed judge of the county, which office he held for many years. He died in 1840, aged seventy-six years. He was a soldier in the revolutionary war, enlisting at the age of sixteen and serving till the close of the war. Silas Sweet came from West Stockbridge, Mass., in 1791, and settled one mile east of the village. Eber and Elijah Sweet came in soon after. John Sweet, who was eleven months old when he came here, is probably the oldest inhabitant now living in the village. To his retentive memory we are largely indebted for information of early times. Mr. Sweet remembers attending with his father the first Presidantial election held in the town after its organization. The election was held at Judge Moore's store, which was in one part of his house. This must have been at the election of Adams and Jefferson, in 1796. As the Constitution then stood, the candidates were voted for without any specification, the one receiving the highest number of votes taking the Presidency, and the next highest

number the Vice-Presidency. It sometimes happened, as it did at this election, that the persons elected represented different schools of politics.

We must set down this period as the political "dark age" of our town, for there were only five, or as some say, seven Democrats, in the modern sense of the term, in the town; Anti-Federal or Republican, as they were then called, they were the seed of the Democratic party. Unpromising as matters were at that period, this leaven seems to have been sufficient to work our town into one of the strongholds of Democracy.

In 1797, Fitch Lamphear selected lot No. 53 on the Ten Mile creek as the site of a grist and saw-mill. He sold in the following year to Uriah Hall, the founder of the settlement, which, till a few years since, bore his name, "Hall's Mills," now "Medusa." The mills and paper manufactory at that place are dependent upon the reservoir above our village for water. Mr. Tanner, who came to our aid when our foundations were swept away by the freshet, bought the property, and built the dam under circumstances which would have discouraged almost every other man, resides at Medusa. It contains about 120 inhabitants.

A settlemant on Willow brook, a tributary on the east of the Ten Mile creek, threatened at one time the annihilation of our village as well as the prospective city on the hill. Lot 52 and one-half of 53 were divided into village plats, and sold respectively to the following persons: Ezra Lester from Connecticut, Peleg Peckham from Rhode Island, Hezekiah Holdridge, John Van Deusen, Henry Powers, Charles Griggs, John McCrary and James Bill. Col. Electus Backus kept a store here. Powers and Griggs were merchants, and Mr. Lester and Mr. Peckham carried on tanning and shoe and leather business generally. "Peckham Hollow," as it was called, has the honor of sending the first representative from our town to the State

Legislature, in the person of James Bill, Esq., in 1796, and seems to have been the seat of government for a time, as the town-meetings were held at the house of Peleg Peckham from 1804 to 1808. With the failure of bark for tanning, Peckham Hollow subsided, and the village lots were absorbed in the farm of Mr. Lester. Many of our readers will recall with pleasure the cheerful and hospitable home of Mr. Lester, in which he outlived nearly his entire family, the last few months of his life being spent with his son in Cleveland, Ohio, where he died November 16, 1863, aged ninety-one years.

The first town meeting of which we have record left, was held at the house of David Crocker, Esq., on or near the West street, in 1795. Peter West was chosen supervisor; David Crocker, town clerk; Benjamin Frisbee and Peter West, overseers of the poor; Ariel Murdock, Meletiah Hatch and Ansel Ford, commissioners of highways; Elnathan Spalding, Elijah Murdock, Josiah Skinner and Apollos Moore, assessors; David Brown, Alexander Mackey, Noah Ellis, Joshua Doane, constables; Alexander Mackey, David Brown, Noah Ellis and Joshua Doane, collectors; Asa Hudson and Meletiah Hatch, fence viewers; David Crocker, pound master. The chief business of the town officers in early times was the laying out of roads, which, as they are described mostly by marked trees, require some study to make them out intelligibly; and the recording of marks for shepherds to distinguish their respective flocks which, for lack of fences, must have made common pasturage of the town.

It is surprising how many taverns and places to entertain travelers were found necessary, and how large a proportion of our townsmen were indorsed by the Board of Excise as "of good moral character and sufficient intelligence to keep a public inn or tavern." In 1796, there were nineteen licenses recognized, or about one to every

three square miles. The roads were undoubtedly "hard to travel" and the people very thirsty.

We must now look in upon our village, which progresses slowly. Next after the building of the store, the Frisbee House was erected in 1790–1. Dr. Reuben Frisbee built upon the ground now occupied by his son, Franklin Frisbee, the house which has since been moved across the plank road. This house was the first which had the distinction of a coat of paint, which is still in good preservation on some parts of the building. A store and tavern, a doctor's and justice's office, the Federal Library, a ball room, Free Masons' lodge, and the family, were all, at one time, accommodated in this house. Dr. Frisbee did not live long to enjoy it. He died in 1801, and was the first person buried in the village cemetery.

Soon after, the Frisbee house, a tavern, was built by Reuben Hatch nearly on the site of the present hotel. This house, in shape much like the house we have built opposite the bridge, stood for many years, occupied by Mr. Hatch, and after him by Thomas Curreen, as a public house. The "upper mill," as it was called, on what is now the site of Waterbury and Huyck's Felting mills, was built in 1794–5, by Reuben and John Frisbee, Samuel Hatch and Hans Winegar.

The first religious organization in the town was that of the Baptists, in Preston Hollow, under Elder Winans; but they had no place of worship other than the school house, until 1821, although their organization dated about 1790. The year 1793 was noted for the first and only Presbyterian organization in town, in connection with the Northern Associated Presbytery. "The persons formed were Benjamin Frisbee, Alanson Saxton, and Nehemiah Lord." Alanson Saxton and Joseph Prince were the first deacons. On the eighth of December, this society called the Rev. Samuel Fuller to be their pastor. Mr. Fuller was a native of Stafford, Tolland county, Conn., a graduate of Darth-

mouth College, N. H. Their place of worship was a log house standing on the farm afterwards owned by Rev. Mr. Fuller, situated nearly half way between the West street and the village. This house was temporarily fitted with pulpit and other conveniences. Father Fuller's life and labors here have been so truly and touchingly presented to us, by his son, Dr. Fuller, of Middletown, that nothing we can say will add interest to his statements. He was a man of education, studious from taste and habit, and many are still living who owe to him the foundation and superstructure of sound and thorough scholarship, as well as of right and Christian character. For the support of their pastor the society voted to give him one hundred pounds settlement, and fifty pounds annually, for five of the first years; after that, to increase it five pounds a year till it made eighty pounds. They paid him the one hundred pounds settlement, by purchasing and conveying to him and his heirs forever the south half (80 acres) of lot No. 227, on condition that he should remain their minister for five years. As he continued with them for more than double that period, the condition was most fully complied with, as the facts and dates connected with this organization, taken from the records of the society and set forth by Dr. Fuller in his commemorative sermons, conclusively show. Mr. Fuller, in part, sustained himself by the cultivation of this farm and by teaching pupils in his own house and in the district school. Undemonstrative, and almost painfully modest and retiring in his intercourse, we can think of him in hardship and privations, not the least of which was lack of sympathy and congeniality in what was his chief pleasure, amid the excitement and bustle of a new country, quietly and patiently sowing where others were to reap.

CHAPTER VIII.

In 1796, the frame was raised for the first house of worship in the town, which, instead of being nearer, as we should expect, to our growing village, was built on the top of "Pisgah," at least two miles west of the village, and about five hundred feet above it; certainly a "High Church," in one sense. The inhabitants met in this meeting house for the first time on September 11, 1796. Imagine the worshipers of the present time going on horseback or on foot, two or three miles in the bleak winds, and through the snow drifts, with the protection of only a broad cloth cloak, lined or unlined, according to ability, to worship in this uncarpeted, uncushioned, fireless meeting house. How many would have the zeal to carry them, or the strength to knock their heels together to warm them, when they got there? The only mitigation of Sunday's suffering was the generous warming at the hearth of Doctor Frisbee or Deacon Saxton, where the congregation repaired to take their lunch. We confess that if some of us had been there, the motion would have been put to forego the meeting-house altogether. This building has always been considered the first house of worship in the town. There was, however, a meeting-house built about the same time, but whether before or after we cannot learn, on lot No. 9, by a society of Dutch Reformed (who were mostly living in the town of Durham), on a ridge of land known as "Oak Hill," which finally gave name to the village in Green county, near our south line. It was entirely surrounded by an oak grove. The Rev. Mr. Van Zandt and Rev. Mr. Ostrander were ministers. In later times, the Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Durham, held service there. The last congregation gathered there was a small one, though outnumbering the "two or three" declared sufficient in scripture. As the trustees and other church

officers had been sleeping in their graves for half a century, our visitors took the liberty of singing the "Gloria in Excelsis" for the last time, in all likelihood, in the old building, of which there was then (nearly thirty years ago) little left but roof and partial siding, which seemed ready to fall at any moment. In the lease of lot 9 to Charles Edwards, dated in 1795, one acre was reserved "for the purpose of erecting a Reformed Dutch church," but there is nothing to indicate when the church was erected.

The first Baptist congregation near the village built their meeting-house in that portion of the original town which was set off to Berne on the division. Most of the early settlers around the village were Baptists, but they had no meeting-house in the village until they built near the plank road in 1830. Elders Beman and Crocker had charge of this society for many years. The Baptists were first here, and are the strongest numerically of any religious society in the town. They still retain their church in Preston Hollow.

The first Methodists here were a family by the name of Abel. They lived north of the village, which accounts for their building their meeting-house on the knoll north of Mr. Crocker's house, on lot 268. After a few years it was moved down opposite the cemetery, and finally to a new building in the village in 1839. Nobles B. Raymond, the father of the Rev. Dr. Miner Raymond of Evanston, Illinois, was one of the most active and influential men of this society, which has been large and is still flourishing. They have a chapel at Williamsburgh, and a church at Preston Hollow.

The Quakers, who were very numerous in early times, have entirely disappeared from this part of the town. They formerly had three meeting-houses in or near the town, of which the one at Potter's Hollow is the only one

now remaining. They were broken up here, as in many other places, by, or at least after, their divisions.

We have been reminded of two persons who ought, perhaps, to have been noticed before—Col. John Edmonds of Revolutionary memory, and Daniel Shays. Col. Edmonds settled near Preston Hollow. We have demurred somewhat on Daniel Shays, finding authorities differ so widely as to his locality. *Sims' History of Schoharie, etc.*, says, "Daniel Shays settled near Livingstonville, in the town of Broome, after the dispersion of his forces," "and after living there about fifteen years removed to Cayuga, where he died in 1821." *The History of Albany and Schenectady Counties* says, "Daniel Shays removed to Rensselaer Ville in 1795." *Appleton's Cyclopedia* says, "Daniel Shays sought safety for a year or two in Vermont, was afterwards pardoned, and removed to Sparta, N. Y., where he died September 29, 1825." Daniel Shays, Sr., and Daniel Shays, Jr., were both customers of the Messrs. Frisbee, merchants in Rensselaerville in 1797, and Daniel Shays, Jr., held the office of justice of the peace in this town at an early date. Further investigation as to Daniel, Sr., we shall leave for those who are jealous of this honor for our town. It is but fair to acquit the Shays, one and all, of any agency in stirring up our subsequent Rebellion and Anti-Rent war.

Long Island contributed largely to the settlement of our village and town. Daniel Conkling, Jr., came from East Hampton in 1792, and his brother Josiah about the same year. They tarried for a time with Mr. King, near the "West street," upon lots 250 and 269, about a mile east of the village. The abundance of hemlock furnished great facilities for leather making, which was a much longer process then than now. After the roads were in condition for bringing in foreign hides, there were tanneries in every quarter of the town. The business was carried on for many years after Mr. Conkling's death by

his sons, Daniel, Jr., Gurdon and David, giving employment to many men, until their large tannery on the Ten Mile creek, just below the village, was burned down, and the supply of bark too nearly exhausted to justify rebuilding.

Daniel Conkling, Sr., the father of Mr. John T. Conkling, who, next to Mr. Sweet, is now our oldest resident, came in 1798. Henry Conkling, Matthew Mulford, Charles L. Mulford, his son; Nathan Dayton, John, Samuel and Edward Hand, Eli Hutchinson, and his sister Mrs. Asa Colvard, were all from East Hampton, and all here as early as 1801. Samuel and Edward Jones, with their sister Mrs. Foster, Charles Pierson and Job Post, were from South Hampton. Samuel Jones built what is now Mr. Hallenbeck's blacksmith's shop, then the most stylish house in town. The sudden disappearance of Mr. Jones, leaving his team standing in the road, caused great excitement in the community. If Mr. Jones had taken only what belonged to him, perhaps no one would have objected; but to take, as he did, all the loose money which had been entrusted to him by his nighbors for safe-keeping, was a serious blow to the financial and business interests of the village. The house built by Mr. Jones, with the tannery, became the property of Wheeler Watson from Rhode Island. How tempting and luscious were the apples and pears which loaded the orchard of Mr. Watson, which extended from his house down to Mrs. Adams' corner. How fortunate was the youngster who was permitted to begin his business career by selling this fruit on public days. We are glad to remember and speak of this orchard from gratitude more than childish. It was one of the first in bearing in the country. Situated between the village and the school-house, it was a temptation to be met four times a day, which rendered it indispensable that children should know their catechism. But we must go on with the history.

Mr. Watson retained this property till the demand for building lots, and a disposition to retire from active business, induced him to part with it. He represented our town in the Legislature of 1831, and was always an active, decided and influential politician. Keeping up his political zeal, but otherwise gradually yielding himself gracefully to the quieting advance of age, and his orchard and acres to those who desired to build even better than he han done, he lived to see his five daughters happily and honorably married, his eldest son a Judge of the Supreme Court, and the other a merchant in New York, carrying a business and fortune satisfactory even to New Yorkers; and then, being left alone, he removed to Prattsville, Greene county, and spent the remaining years of his life with his daughter, in the family of Col. Zadoc Pratt, who married in succession two of Mr. Watson's daughters.

Rufus and Thomas Watson (brothers of Wheeler, above mentioned), with three sisters, Mrs. Lester, Mrs. Peckham and Mrs. Josiah Watson, were here at an early date. Rufus Watson located first, east of the village, but soon removed, and building first a small house and shop, finally built the large house, now occupied by Mr. Magiony, which was for many years one of our village hotels. Rufus Watson represented our town in the Assembly of 1816. To his son, S. V. R. Watson, of Buffalo, we are indebted for the enlargement of our cemetery by the purchase and gift of three or four adjoining acres, on the occasion of the burial of his sister, Mrs. David Conklin. This cemetery is beautifully situated on high ground, looking down the valley to the Catskill Mountains, and when the contemplated improvements of fencing and planting are completed will be of itself a monument to Mr. Watson more desirable far than marble, however finely chiseled.

CHAPTER IX.

We find record of a meeting on March 13, 1798, of our townspeople, the avowed purpose of which was "to facilitate the means of literary information, collect funds, and establish a library, to be called The Federal Library." Father Fuller's handwriting and signature heading the list of subscribers, tell us, perhaps, where this movement originated, but wherever that may have been, it seems to have been cordially entered into by the people; one hundred and eighty-six names are appended to this list, some taking one, and others more shares of two dollars each. This library, at first, contained about two hundred volumes, and was kept at times in different parts of the town, wherever there was room found in a log house for its accommodation. In peril of an injunction from machine makers generally, we shall say that, without "Sewers" or "Sowers," "Reapers" or "Mowers," or "Thrashers," other than their stout and willing arms, our ancestors did find time to read these volumes, as the well worn leaves and well kept accounts testify. There were several other collections of books of value in the settlement. Later copies of the Edinburgh Encyclopœdia and books of the kind containing something of what was known and written of engineering and the mechanical arts were accessible to all; and for romance and fiction, "Clarissa," "Charlotte Temple," and "The Children of the Abbey," were household words.

The hand card and hetchel, wheel and loom were about the extent of machinery in use in the country. The spinning was done by "bee-work," the raw material being sent around to the different neighbors. When each had finished their quota, the completion was celebrated by a supper and a dance. We suspect that there were some who took part in this winding up of the "bee," who had

done very little toward the spinning (unless "street yarn" counted), except to gallantly hold the distaff while some fair spinner twisted two lives more closely together with each tread of her foot.

Our history will be irremediably deficient in one respect. Nobody has recorded, in memory or otherwise, the first wedding; and whether there were "cards" other than those needful in preparing the bride's outfit, will be forever a mystery. We shall be obliged to be satisfied with the account of the earliest wedding now remembered, which was in "high life," that is, near the top of "Pisgah." The bride (who remained fair at seventy) was dressed in pressed flannel of her own weaving, adored, if not "pompadoured," with the neck finish of a bandana handkerchief, substantial shoes and *blue* stockings. The bridal apartment we cannot describe, as the way to it was up a ladder, and we have an aversion to ladders.

This marriage brings us again to Pisgah, still ahead of our village. The building of the meeting-house proved so heavy a tax upon the people, that Father Fuller thought best to relieve them for a time of the care of himself and his family. Giving his services to the Berkshire County Missionary Association, we find him, in 1799 and 1800, traveling through what was then called the "Genesee country," preaching in the counties of Schoharie, Otsego, and thence west as far as Ontario, in some instances where preaching had never been heard before. He made two other missionary tours, remaining at Rensselaerville during the intervals until 1805, when he resigned his charge here, but accepted it again upon the condition that he was "at liberty to resign whenever he thought proper."

The log school house on the "West street" gave place to a new one in the Woodford district, a step toward the village, suggestive of the future fate of the city on the hill. Patty Pond, the sister of Mrs. Fuller, taught here, her "three hours by the hour-glass" before the floor was put

in. It made little difference to the little bare feet, for, in truth, we think "mother earth" far preferable to any floor that could have been found then.

The house now standing and occupied by Mr. William Aley, was built by Father Fuller, in 1801, and was his residence at the time of his death. About the time of the death of his brother Reuben, in 1801, Dr. John Frisbee and his brother Peter removed from "Pisgah" to the village, and built their store and ashery on the south side of the street, below the crossing of the small stream, and their dwelling-house opposite, or on the north side of the street, which, a few years since, was moved back and built into the house now owned by Mr. J. L. Rice. William and Urial King put up a mill for fulling, dressing and dyeing cloths, a little below the grist-mill, and soon after, Hollister and Miner added carding machinery. Mr. Hollister built the house now called the Parsonage, which stood on the site of the present Presbyterian church.

Capt. Asa Colvard, from Columbia county, built the house now owned by Mrs. Hagaman, but carried on a distillery on his farm just over our town line, in Westerlo, which gave name to what is known as the "Still Hill." He was also engaged in merchandise and milling, and at the time of his death was sheriff of Albany county. Mr. Colvard, in company with Jonathan Jenkins, in 1803, built what was called the lower grist-mill. Thus early we find three flouring mills in operation, which leads to the conclusion that wheat and grains of all kinds were grown abundantly upon the new soil.

Agriculture and home manufactures were greatly encouraged by county societies, and the spoons and other articles which we even yet often meet with, bearing the stamp of "Premium," have led us to think that our townspeople had their full share of success in these competitions, which were then, more than at present, trials of skill and labor. From the bag in which the farmer put

his grain to the broadcloth in which he and all his family were clothed on Sunday, every thing was of home manufacture. We shall leave it to those who have age for their protection, to say that they were, with all this work on hand, a virtuous, happy, intelligent and jovial community. For us, in this age of progress, to be guilty of any such "looking back," would consign us to a fate to which that of Lot's wife would be enviable. He is poorly off in a new country who can do but one thing; and we find our settlers mostly with knowledge and skill, to give their hands or head to the exercise of whatever craft was demanded by the necessities of the times. They built and furnished their own houses, and the baby enjoyed his morning nap none the less for being in the hollow basswood cradle. One thing they certainly succeeded in making, according to all accounts, and that was, the best of their hard work, privations and discouragements; and with this in mind, we can forgive them for not making History as fast as it would be our pleasure to write it.

CHAPTER X.

In the year 1810, an event occurred which, perhaps, hastened the abandonment of Pisgah as a centre, and served in a great measure to break up old associations with that so far favored spot. Father Fuller, then in the seventeenth year of his ministry with the Presbyterians, during which time they had increased from three to one hundred and one members, was constrained to renounce his connection with that society, and take orders in the Episcopal church. He seems, if we may so speak, to have been a spontaneous case of churchmanship. No teachers or missionaries other than the "Four Gospels," with the aid of that Guide who is able to lead to all truth, seem to have had any agency in his conversion to the order of the Church; and we find him in 1810 personating the man

we so often hear about, though not exactly on a desolate island, taking immediate steps to find such ordination as his study of the Holy Scripture had convinced him was necessary to his further continuance as a minister of Christ. He was ordained to the office of Deacon by the Rt. Rev. Benjamin Moore, October 2, 1810, in Trinity Church, New York, and in the October following to the order of Priest by Bishop Hobart. This act of Father Fuller gave a meaning to his preaching, before considered scriptural, which his nearest friends had not then understood and were not willing to accept, and for building up the church new material mostly was to be sought. It is no light thing for a man in private life to take a back track and adopt new rules of action; and one who is responsible as a teacher and guide to others has need of courage and candor. His acquaintance with the prayer book seems to have commenced from the accidental finding of one in the possession and use of one of his flock, an old lady, remembered only as "Granny Cobb," of whose history and connection we can learn very little. It was the standing reply (whether real or fictitious we cannot say) of one of her grand-children whenever bantered about getting married, that "he could find nobody he loved as well as he did Granny Cobb." What agency the prayer book had in forming a character so loveable in old age and in planting the church here, we shall leave those who are acquainted with it to judge.

"Trinity Church," organized February 20, 1811, and incorporated by certificate, recorded April 2, 1811, was the only Episcopal church in the county of Albany, except St. Peter's, Albany, for at least fifteen years after its organization at Rensselaerville. The name of the town does not appear in the name of the church as given in the article of incorporation. The first wardens were Jacob Wood and Allan Durant, and there were nine communicants. The church edifice was built, externally, substan-

tially as it now stands, by Ephraim B. Russ, for $2,900, and was consecrated September 25, 1815. Services were held up to the time of the completion of the church in various places. First, at the house of Charles Pierson, then at times in the district school house, but mostly in the ball room of Mr. Rufus Watson's house. Father Fuller performed a great amount of missionary work, both as a Presbyterian and a churchman, and was seldom without students in his own house. The parishes of Oak Hill and Greenville were founded under his care, and his time as missionary was divided between Albany and Greene county. In 1833, the Rev. Moses Burt came as assistant to Father Fuller, but was obliged to relinquish the charge on account of sickness, from which he died at Cairo, Greene county. The Rev. William Morris, Rev. Orsamus H. Smith and Rev. Robert Washbon were also assistants, the latter at the time of Mr. Fuller's death, on April 9, 1842.

Our Presbyterian friends suffered a two-fold loss in the withdrawal of Father Fuller. They lost their acceptable, efficient minister, and the assistance in the support of their services derived from the farm and careful farming of Mr. Fuller. As he had paid a three-fold price for the farm, and his salary had never exceeded $200 per year, he could not well afford to make them a present of such value. From the minutes of the society they do not seem to have a settled pastor till 1818, when the Rev. Asahel Bronson was installed on the third day of March. The Rev. Messrs. Hardy, Sergant and Burt were here in the interim, but not settled. Which of these men were here when the meeting house bade adieu to the hill, and, with the help of most of the oxen of the town, followed the congregation which had already mostly preceded it, down to the village, we are not informed. Safely removed and repaired, it was dedicated September 10, 1815. When we hear our venerable friends descant upon the pleasant gatherings on a summer Sunday at the old meeting-house, the greeting of neighbors who

had been separated for a long and dreary week, and who were, perhaps, in as great need of sympathy in wordly matters as of spiritual counsel; the choir which filled the three-sided gallery with young people and the church with music, "carrying all the parts," we are compelled to look upon the desertion and removal of all this, as a cloud over their bright spots: and of these we are apt to think that even now, "with all the modern improvements," we have, at best, none too many. A lesson upon the uncertainty of human calculations is poor "Pisgah." Left now to the "bleating of flocks," it has served its day, just as we are all serving ours, soon to be set aside like the corner stone of the old meeting-house, which, we are told, stands leaning against the stone wall, a fine subject for some of our modern poets.

To mention all the names which we find connected with the varied industries of the place during its active existence, would be little short of a monopoly of the Press, and not fairly within the range of the reminiscential character of our work. We must therefore be content to accept and record the statement of a competent judge, who examined the matter in 1832, and said that our village at that time was one of the most thriving villages in the State.

Thomas Watson was the first legal practitioner in the new settlement. It is not known that he brought from Rhode Island much if any professional education or experience, but the exigencies of a new country developed a genius and ability for the profession which always excited the admiration and watchful attention and respect of all the more favored and best educated opponents with whom he was brought in contact. He died, however, from the epidemic in 1813, leaving a professional successor in his son, then a small boy, afterwards a respected lawyer at Catskill and surrogate of Greene county.

Jonathan Jenkins succeeded Mr. Watson as the professional adviser of the village and town. With such education as he had acquired at the age of twelve years in a New England school, he came with his father and family to our village, or rather, to the dense and almost dismal forest as it then was, and at once joined in the active work of building up a new settlement. At a very early age he became interested in the milling and mercantile business, but all the time kept an eye to the law by study and such practice in conveyancing and othewise as the community required until he was admitted to the bar, and continued his professional business until he died in 1850. He represented our town in the Legislature of 1808, and there formed business and friendly relations with Mr. Stephen Van Rensselaer, a fellow-member, then the "*Patroon*," which continued pleasant and profitable to both during their lives, and to their successors after them. During the long continued "Helderberg war" it was generally believed, and to a certain extent was true, that the bitter and lawless animosity of many of the tenants towards the "landlords" extended to all their advisers and assistants, as well as to officers engaged in executing the laws; but it is due both to Mr. Jenkins and the most savage of the "Anti-Renters" to say, that, although the more moderate and reasonable of the resistants continued to seek and use the advice and assistance of Mr. Jenkins in their behalf, yet his person and property were respected and uninjured through all the war. A parting salute, fired in front of his house by a departing tribe of the Anti-Rent Indians when the war was nearly over, was the only extra attention he received. If it was intended as an alarm, it was entirely lost, as no one in the house was awakened or disturbed. The house, which is still occupied by the family, was built in 1812 for Mr. Jenkins by that most estimable man and faithful builder Ephraim B.

Russ, who built so many of the substantial buildings in the village.

The needed competitor necessary to give any activity to legal business in a country town was soon found in the person of Henry Stone, a young, pleasing, well-educated lawyer, and a genial scholar and poet. Fortunately these two lawyers agreed in considering the true interests of their clients and the peace of the community as the paramount object of their professional skill and practice, and during their long lives there was no waste of time, money or friendly feeling from any unnecessary litigation in our community. The offices of these gentlemen were for a great number of years filled with students, who have gone forth honorably instructed and qualified for the positions in the world which they have filled.

The War of 1812 drew largely upon our town. Forty-six militia men, under Captain Benjamin Minor, joined the Brigade, under command of General Dodge, of Johnstown, at Sacket's Harbor, in the latter part of September, 1812. Lieutenants Hugh Campbell and Charles L. Mulford, Sergeant Noah Allsworth, Surgeon Lemuel Hudson—nine or ten of this company were from the village. Three only, Charles L. Mulford, William Holdridge and William Brown, were here at the time of the extension of the bounty to the veterans of 1812 by the act passed in 1854. This company remained at Sacket's Harbor till the Spring of 1813, without going into action, suffering only from exposure and sickness, and bringing home ague and fever. These were trying times for our townspeople. The absence of so many of their working men, and the presence of a malignant epidemic disease, which carried off some heads of families, threw a gloom over the place. In spite of these disheartening circumstances, they were able to keep up the Singing School, at "Liberty School House," celebrate St. John's day with all due ceremony, and get up a dance at New Year. Had we been there, we might

have seen (as we quote from a letter of the time), "all the pretty females with their adornments, loaded with Cupid's arrows to pierce the hearts of their admirers and take them prisoners of Hope." Our young lieutenant, doing duty on the frontier, to whom this epistle was addressed, must have congratulated himself on the comparative safety of his situation.

CHAPTER XI.

The singing school, at Liberty School house, reminds us that our village school house has not yet been put up. All dates, from 1801 to 1806, are given for the building of this house, and we may safely conclude that for, at least, fifteen years, the seat of learning remained in the Woodford district on the hill, in the school house we have already erected there. Schools, in early times, were generally taught by persons who made teaching their business, and by graduates from college, students in some profession, who sustained themselves meanwhile by teaching.

We may well wonder how children ever learned anything in the days when grammar was administered in such doses that thought and attention were necessary to digest it; when arithmetic, instead of opening into orange groves, and apple and nut baskets, started with bare figures, and halves and quarters had to be got at, without any tangible representatives, and when the "old man and rude boy," and the country milk maid, were about the only relief, by way of illumination, to the imaginative mind in the whole range of school books. Other embarrassments we might mention. The sight of a trustee was sufficient to put a boy on his good behavior, and set him thinking whether he really knew anything in case he should have a question to answer. We are not willing to admit that "old time" children were a whit behind in general mischief, but they had an element to contend with, which the progress of society has greatly modified. The boys in our school who

turned their teacher, "Paddy Hewsen," out of the school house, because he did not come up to their ideas of a teacher, found somebody at home who did, and he who had but one jacket for such an occasion, might well have our sympathy. These were trying times for boys and girls. There is no spot in the whole town around which so many pleasant memories cluster as the old hip-roofed district school house, which has trained many useful men and women under the old system. It is a question with wiser heads, whether State intervention has much mended educational matters in rural districts, whatever may be said of larger towns. The old school house, much whittled away on the inside, and time and weather worn without, was replaced by the present structure in 1830.

We have waited for our good doctor to give us a chapter on medical men and practice in the early days of our town, but conclude that he declines being associated with so much trifling and so little dignified history. Unaided in this department, we shall observe the old habit, and begin at the beginning. The gratuitous services of Mistress Bennet and her colleague, Mother De Pung, two persons almost indispensable, shall be duly recorded, as ever at hand in maladies which proved beyond the reach of roots and herbs stored in the "chest-till." Mother De Pung, if we may credit old notes, was a little strong minded withal. Going her round of practice mounted, "not side wise, but otherwise," she seems a fore-shadowing of that later progressive movement, on the part of some of her sex. Whether these pioneers of medical practice had any law for their protection other than that of charity, we are not aware; but times are, in this respect, at least, so mended, that we have no fear that Dr. Frisbee will rise in wrath at being named on the same page. Dr. Frisbee was absent for one season, at least (1803), as our representative in the Legislature, and was retired from public life as an invalid for some years.

In 1796, one of our townsmen met in New York city, Dr. Isaac Hyde, from Connecticut, then looking for an opening for one of his profession. He came at once to our town, and soon became the leading physician in all the country round about, and had an extensive and lucrative practice for many years. His office was the resort of many students, and he seems to have attained a high standing in his profession. After his marriage with Lydia Foster, he purchased the property since owned by Mr. John S. Huyck, on which a small building had been erected by Mr. Tibbits. This he enlarged, making at once a home and a hospital, ever open to the sick and suffering. After the death of Dr. Hyde, in 1831, the family removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., where his son, Dr. Lucius Hyde, had been for some time a resident physician.

Dr. Platt Wickes, born in this town, on lot 127, a student of Dr. Hyde, and, at the time of his death, a partner, succeeded Dr. Hyde, and still lives, honored, trusted, and deferred to, "in his own country." One who, like Dr. Wickes, has spent his leisure with his books, and not so wedded to old practice as to decline well-authorized deviations, with so many years' experience, cannot but be a treasure to any community. We hope his many friends will bear in mind that next Christmas week, the Dr. and his "better half" will be entitled to their golden wedding, and hold themselves in readiness to participate in that event.

It would seem that our people had something to do to make passable the one hundred and eleven roads which we find recorded in the first years of the settlement. One of these, "beginning at a bass wood tree, and running thence easterly past the Lieutenant Governor's building lot to Powers & Griggs' store," shows that Peckham Hollow did not mean to be behind either of her rivals. The Albany and Delaware Turnpike Company was incorporated in 1805, to build from Albany to Brinks' mills, in the town

of Otego. Apollos Moore was director for this section. Another turnpike was incorporated, to connect our village with Middleburgh, in which our directors were I. Hyde and I. Swan. The business sign of the last named gentleman, standing in the way to the school house, enabled the boys to use the utmost profanity allowed to them in reading as they passed, in loud tones: "I. Swan! Cake and Beer." This road at one time used for many years as part of the main stage and mail route, was never worked as a turnpike, and is now never used by any public conveyance. From the completion of the Albany and Delaware turnpike, which was one of the main routes of travel from Albany to the southern counties of the State, we can trace more definitely the Rensselaerville stage. That time honored institution, prized and patronized by all good citizens, like most other things, has been "subject to ups and downs," from one or more daily coaches to a democrat wagon, or even by stress of weather or snow drifts, to a man on horse back or on foot, but never failing to bring us the mails as expeditiously as circumstances would permit. There seems to be every prospect that we shall now be left to the quiet enjoyment of the distinction of driving the last of the stage coaches. Rodman Lewis is said to have put on the first four-horse coach in connection with Ichabod Peck, who was for many years landlord in a former house upon the same spot where the present hotel stands. The hotel built by Apollos Moore, about the year 1818, has been much altered and enlarged. Mr. Lewis united the two callings of preacher in the Methodist society and driver of his own coach, in each of which he was equally popular and successful. After he retired from both these routes, he took orders in the Episcopal church, and was appointed a chaplain in the U. S. Navy. He died a short time since at Binghampton, N. Y., where he had been living as a retired officer.

CHAPTER XII.

Our town records are, as we have already intimated, barren of all matters of interest except the lists of town officers, who, at that early period, were uniformly our best and most reliable men. Our meagre representation in the county poor house, and the appropriation of from one to four hundred dollars for the poor, and extra provision for the insane or otherwise unfortunate, is certainly a good record for the town.

There are but six families who have taken pains to record births. One of these is the birth of Alban Crocker Stimers, whose name we find associated with that of Capt. Worden, as chief engineer of the Monitor. Engineer Stimers superintended the putting in of the machinery, and after Capt. Worden was disabled, had charge, at times, of the turret and guns. He was born in Smithfield, Madison county, his mother having removed there with the Smith family, to which she belonged. They lived on or near the West street in early times. Finding one such prize in a grandchild among the half dozen recorded, we cannot but wish that our people had been more careful about their early records. Alban Crocker built upon the lot south of the cemetery the house afterwards rebuilt by Joseph B. Moore, and still later owned by Henry Stone, Esq., one of our early lawyers, and our Member of Assembly in 1827.

John Niles was born in Coeymans, but came to this place at an early age, and was engaged in tanning and shoe and leather business. Later in life, he practiced as a lawyer, and held the office of County Judge. Mr. Niles and Mr. John S. Huyck, two of our most worthy and substantial citizens, have died recently, and at nearly the same time.

It would be pleasant to follow the Ten Mile creek, when it was doing duty, from the Falls to the old saw-mill of Mr. Sweet and the leather tannery of Mr. Conkling, but

we are reminded that many of the things made, as well as the makers, have gone out of use. Charles L. Mulford and John T. Conkling were the first cabinet-makers. Mr. Mulford was later in merchandise, with his brother Edward, and also had a manufactory of shearing machines here in connection with the patentee, Seth Parsons of Hoosick Falls. Alpheus Dwight and his brother Lyman were early, and for a long time engaged here in the carding and cloth dressing mills, and Alpheus subsequently in merchandising. If we are not misinformed, the Wood brothers, Walter A., of Hoosick Falls, William A., late of Albany, and Eliphalet of Chicago and Westchester, all went from their father's house and shop here well trained and prepared to commence their useful and successful lives. Col. Levi Shaw, our Assemblyman in 1844, was long engaged in the furnace business and in manufacturing, with several other parties, the grain cradles invented and patented by his worthy neighbor and friend, Mr. Babcock. Ethan Rogers, when a very young man, invented and patented a machine for making hooks and eyes, and carried on the business for some time here, and then removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where he became a prominent and successful engineer. Hutchinson & Dayton were early merchants here, next to the various combinations of Frisbees, Moore, etc. Abram Dayton built the house now owned by Miss Eliza Cook, Helim M. Dayton that owned by Dr. Wickes, Eli Hutchinson that of Robert J. Washbon, Ephraim and Samuel Russ owned and built upon the lot now owned by Mrs. Crawford, and William Holdridge the place now owned by Mr. Fritch. The old Jenkins mill was rebuilt about 1830 by Daniel Conkling, who at the same time built the house now owned by Mrs. Stead.

The Rev. Marcust Smith was installed as successor to Rev. Mr. Bronson, January 1, 1823. He was a college graduate, an ardent and forcible preacher, a man of uncommon energy and perseverance, and much engaged in the cause of

education. The first select school was opened under his supervision in an upper room on the south side of the street, and was removed to the "Session House" when that building was completed. For the fourteen years of Mr. Smith's stay here a first-class school was kept up, mostly for girls, with many pupils from abroad. He built upon and occupied the place now owned by Dr. Finch. Mr. Smith was a laborious student and pastor. While here, he prepared and published "Smith's Epitome of Systematic Theology," which was printed here by the Messrs. Palmer.

The "Rural Folio," the first newspaper published in our village, was published, we think, through 1829 and 1830, by Cornelius G. and Andrew Palmer, two young men of energy and ability, who gave us a most acceptable weekly sheet of news items and other matter; the department of Poetry being enriched by contributions from the pupils of "Friend Mott's School," and sonnets from some native poets to what glimpses they could obtain of sweet faces under the little Quaker bonnets.

This private Quaker boarding school, which flourished for many years under the direction of Mr. John Mott, was a few rods over our town line, in Westerlo. The long wagon, full of the pleasant-faced Quaker girls from many distant cities and States, which enlivened our streets on holidays, was a pleasant, cheerful sight. The "Rural Folio" was inscribed as "Neutral in politics, liberal in sentiment, and friendly to religion." We cannot imagine a more uncomfortable life than that of our two young editors, with the public finger continually at their pulse, reminding them that a little too fast, or two slow, they were dead men, and this at a time when political party feeling ran high.

It is no matter of wonder that after a few years the "Rural Folio" died of Neutrality, and our young friends sought a larger field for usefulness and profit as editors of

political papers, first at Schenectady and afterwards in what was called then the far West, at Toledo, Ohio. We all regretted their departure, and the more on account of their small pecuniary reward for their efforts to please us; but they shrewdly consoled themselves by taking away with them, as wives, two of the brightest and best of our village belles. The office from which the "Folio" was published was the old store of Hutchinson & Dayton. It was afterwards moved towards the creek, near to and used as a finishing shop for the furnace. Both were entirely swept away by the freshet of April 18, 1870.

CHAPTER XIII.

In 1844, the Rev. Marcus Smith was again installed over the Presbyterian Church; the Rev. Mr. Lane in 1837, and Rev. Mr. Arnold in 1840 having taken charge of the congregrtion during Mr. Smith's absence. Mr. Smith had lost none of his interest in the cause of education; and we find him immediately after his return engaged, with many others of our most promising citizens, in converting the "old meeting-house," with which we began, into an academy, the new church edifice in the street having been finished and dedicated on December 6, 1842. This academy was very flourishing for a few years, till the "factory schools," which were so popular for a time, took most of the pupils from the country. Mr. Smith remained here till 1848, making in his two terms eighteen years. After his first removal he went to Watertown, N. Y., and after his second removal he went first to Durham, then to Collamer near Syracuse, where he spent a useful and honored life, preaching till he was over seventy-five years old, when he went to spend his declining years near his two sons at Dunkirk, N. Y., where he died about 1871.

It is gratifying to hear, as we often do, of our townspeople and their descendants in different parts of the

country, successful as professional or business men, and holding places of trust and responsibility. Of the latter, we will first name our old friend Peter West, as a member of the Convention in 1801, which we omitted to do in its proper place.

Of many of those who have been, or are now, thus worthily representing their native town, the character and range of our Reminiscences neither required or permitted us to speak; but to show that the bleak and rocky sides of the Catskills are not unproductive, at least, of men, we may be permitted here to record as *natives* of our small town, Mortimer M. Jackson, Judge of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin; Addison C. Niles, Judge of the Supreme Court of California; Rufus W. Peckham, Judge of the Court of Appeals; Malbone Watson, Judge of the Supreme Court; James Lamoroux, Robert W. Murphy, Judges of Albany county; Marcellus Weston, Judge of Montgomery county; Hiram Gardner, Judge of Niagara county; Valentine Treadwell, Stephen M. Hallenbeck, Almerin S. Cornell, William Aley, Robert B. Watson, Henry Jenkins, Jeptha W. Babcock, L. H. Babcock, Members of the New York Assembly — not before mentioned. In addition to the above, we should add that Judge Joseph J. Bradley, of the Supreme Court of the United States, was born near our village, in that part of our original town which was set off as Berne. Judge Lyman Tremain, Attorney-General of New York, was born just over our town line, in the town of Durham; and Judge A. Melvin Osborn, of the Supreme Court of New York, if not born in our town, resided and was educated there from his early boyhood. So much as to judges and legislators. Of the native clergy, we will mention only, Rev. Samuel Fuller, of the Berkley Divinity School of Connecticut; Rev. Miner Raymond, of the Methodist College in Illinois; Rev. Mr. Winegar, of the Baptist Church.

To most of the readers of the *Press*, we need not recall

the familiar names of the many natives of our town not herein before mentioned, who have helped to fill the business places, professional, mercantile, and mechanical, in almost every part of our extended country. To the few other readers, we can appropriately, and with just and proper pride, name a few of those who have mostly been so long dead or absent from their birth place, as to render them proper subjects of reminiscence. We thus refer to Daniel, David, and Lemuel Hudson, of Western New York; Lucius B. Crocker, of Oswego; Levi King, Consider King, Rufus H. King and Rufus W. Watson, of Greene county; Lucius Hyde and Isaac Hyde, of Brooklyn; Edward A. Durant, of Albany; Benjamin F. Durant, of New Stockbridge; Samuel F. Lester, of Cleveland, Ohio; S. V. R. Ryan, of the U. S. Army; Potter Palmer, of Chicago; John H. H. Frisbee, of Marshall, Iowa; Thomas L. Conkling, of Martinsburgh; Daniel Conkling, of Bennington, Vt.; Gurdon, David and Albert Conklin, of Albany county; Helim M. Dayton, of Michigan; Jesse C. Dayton, George Dayton, William H. Dayton, of New York; Arnold B. Watson, of Unadilla; John H. Mulford, of Albany; Robert L. Mulford and Charles W. Mulford, of New York; Stephen Jarvis, of Pittsburgh, Penn.; Harvey H. Wickes, of Otsego county; Matthias D. Conklin, of Houston, and Joel Crocker, of Corpus Christi, Texas.

Little seems to have occurred for some years out of the ordinary course of events in an inland town and village; we must except, of course, the growing dissatisfaction on the part of the tenants of the manorial lands. Some took exception to the perpetual rents from the first, and left the country, so that many of the names, with which we have become familiar in these chapters, have entirely disappeared from our town.

In 1840, we were the subject of the first railroad excitement. The "Catskill and Canajoharie" was, for a short time, in running order, and had a depot at Cooksburgh in

the south part of the town. If this had not proved a "terminus," in more than one sense, our modern history, doubtless, would have been more satisfactory. It seems that the "greatest good of the greatest number," the "golden rule" of our government, demanded that it should "terminate" where it did, and we had only to submit. To finish up the story of our railroad excitements, we will add that we seem to have been the subject of so many prospects, promises, and disappointments, as to make us a little sore, but not ill natured. We are a farming community, not yet obliged to burn our corn, and can take our first basket of eggs to market any day when the price and weather will warrant.

We have regarded, as a proper time for ending the little of history contained in our chapters, that period when our village contained between six and seven hundred inhabitants, about three hundred children, and eight schools, and, according to a memorandum made by Mr. R. L. Mulford, under date of 1843, contained 113 voters, 3 clergymen, 3 lawyers, 4 doctors, 16 merchants and grocers, 1 hotel-keeper, 1 market, 1 tanner, 1 hatter, 3 wagon and plough makers, 1 millwright, 2 coopers, 1 miller, 1 watchmaker, 1 teamster, 5 iron and tin workers, 3 harness makers, 1 wool carder and fuller, 9 shoemakers, 4 blacksmiths, 3 painters, 5 tailors, 6 cabinet and chair makers, 10 carpenters and machinists, 11 farmers, 1 mason, the balance laborers and persons without occupation. At that time, even, we had begun to feel the paralysing and demoralizing effect of the commencement of that struggle which continued for more than twenty years for settling a matter which, it would seem, might have been adjusted with less sacrifice. Without question, there was something to settle, and grievances on both sides. The memory of this part of our history is painful and humiliating, and will be so till the energy and industry of our young men has made up, in some measure, for the years of worse than idleness of a

portion of our inhabitants. We are now a hard working people, and sometimes tempted to think that we do not get our proportion of this world's goods, especially money, but for all that some of us have been disposed to "stay and tough it out," and, with another of our "pioneer deacons, whose fervency in spirit was more reliable than his accuracy in grammar, "be thankful things is as well with us as they be." Our land is strong, though rough, and our crops so varied that the husbandman seldom fails to have something to carry "to the river," and, perhaps, if he would take his hay and oats and dinner box, as the "old time people" did, he would have more money to bring home. If railroad communication is ever opened to us with the world, we have a water power which will admit of extensive use, and our great source of wealth in such case, in quarries of stone of superior quality, is as yet almost untouched.

We cannot but hope that the interest taken in our chapters may call out whatever lies buried pertaining to the history of our town, and that some one more competent, and who has greater facilities for gathering information, will put it in a form more presentable and less perishable. For such purpose they will be quite welcome to what we have been, or still may be, able to contribute. We are prepared, by our experience in writing for the public, to take the wholesome advice recently offered "to those who do not know where to put their prepositions and conjunctions," to "go back to their trowels and watering pots, for which they are better fitted." We do so behind the slight screen of the following:

PHANTASY.

The Scribe who has written thus far of our village,
Is about out of stock, but don't take to pillage;
The readers, if any, will perhaps say—What next?
While they freely advise to keep close to the text.
As the "twelfthly" is passed, in conclusion I'll say,

What my fancy devised when I gave it full play,
That I heard the complaints of those who feel slighted,
And say it becomes me to see them requited.
As I walked in the wood-land, a few trees in cluster
Were talking in earnest but without any bluster;
I thought by his bearing the one who first spoke,
Was the hundred-year veteran, the stately old oak,
Who said, "I'm surprised, and am sure 'tis quite wrong,
That a hero of history, prowess and song,
Should thus be passed by, without honorable mention;
But I do not suppose there was evil intention.
Every one may not know, that many years since,
My right royal brother saved a fugitive Prince;
Another kept safely a charter of right,
Which burly John Bull grasped at in his might;
They laugh at my weakness, that black oak and burr,
Therefore I'll stop speaking, and hear you, fair sir."
A slim tasseled Birch raised his head to the light,
He was fond of displaying his coat of pearl white;
But awed by his neighbor, without much ado,
He spoke of it's covering the Redman's canoe.
The Beech and the Butternut brought forth their fine fruit
But the dignified speaker had rendered them mute.
Though they shook down their nuts like the graceful slant rain
They closed up their lips, and would not complain.
Then Hickory fired up, 'twas no flash in the pan,
For he'd given his name to a wide renowned man,
Whose merit was hardness, though never deemed cruel
But when under fire, always proved a fine jewel.
I lingered no longer, but climbed o'er the stile,
And went to the birds, there to listen a while.
A cheery young cat-bird called out, "How absurd!
That my merry makings have never been heard."
A bunch of gay feathers hummed out, "Only think
Of o'er-looking me, and my friend Bobolink,
Such beauty and music we rarely can find,
We are not out of sight, then why out of mind?"
I heard some large thieving birds moodily say,
"The world owes us livings, therefore we all prey
And never feel slighted because we're unknown,
But are most delighted when left quite alone."
I then hastened homeward, desirous to hear,
What the flowers had to say; but soon it was clear,

The Rose, queen of all, was entirely too proud
To utter a word of displeasure aloud.
To the fair crowning Laurel then fondly I turned,
But this wild buxom beauty had never yet learned
That she had been slighted, and showed me her name,
Placed up very high in the temple of fame.
She pointed to garlands, and wreath after wreath,
And smiled as she named the fair brows underneath.
And as homeward I strayed, and was passing a spring,
I was vexed, and amused at the clamorous ring
Of the frogs which kept croaking, "Why hold us so cheap,
When we spend half our breath to inform you "*how-deep*"
The cold water is, and now we tell you
That we venture to hope you are really through."

CITIZEN *.

RHYMES.

MY FLOWERS.

They're gone, all gone; last night but finished
The ruin of my garden, and my friends,
Companions, teachers, preachers, all are now
A blackened mass of ruin. Still some leaves cling
To the old apple tree, like faded flags
Hung out in mourning for the untimely fate
Of the poor robin's brood, which only served
To feast her neighbor of the velvet paw.
My flowers, to me, were full of pleasant memories,
And lessons all their own. The little Daisy
Is my early riser, always a surprise,
And waits not, to be sure the storms are past.
Then the Candy-tuft, which late the snow bank
Warmed and melting, started into life,
Nursing a rival in its flaky tufts
Of snow white blossoms. Then the Pinks come on
In long succession, minding of the time,
When pinks, with caraway and fennel,
Made the orthodox bouquet for Sunday wear.
Far wiser than they knew, these "old time folks,"
For when the preacher lacked in zest or point,
They found a solace in their spicy seeds.
But who can tell the wealth of Poppy dom?
From tints so delicate, that imitation stands
With idle pencil, to the brilliant red
And purple, brilliant but not boring us
Like the gay Sunflower or the Dahlia,
Which, of sheer weariness, we throw aside,
But the Poppy falls in all its freshness,
Death, without decay, leaving its seed-pod
To be opened by the summer sunshine.
"Here's Poppy, that's for sleep," so let them tell
Of that best gift to man, a restful sleep.
The sweet Alyssum, Mignonette and Phlox
Are all my useful people, carrying cheer

And sunshine with them, in kind words and deeds,
Blossom and fragrance, true as unpretending.
Then come the Asters wearing crowns, bedecked
At morn with jewels bright, the more you ask
The more they give, and so they hold high place,
And count for kings and queens of noble soul,
Or they, who, giving freely of their wealth,
Will wear their crowns hereafter.
Then the Sweet Pea, ever climbing upward,
Only in direst need accepting lateral support,
Still blooming on in cheerfulness, like those
Who can accept a helping hand, and still
Keep on their course unharmed. The bright
Cacalia with its multitude of flowers,
Flora has no excuse for being idle
For lack of pencils. Then the Nasturtiums —
These I call the gossips of my garden,
Caring not for the company they keep,
Or high or low, under their green umbrellas
Rain and sunshine all the same to them —
And midst their gayer talk of showy flowers
Sending off pungent squibs, which, like the tales
That gossips tell, are harmless, let alone,
And good for pickling, as some one has said
Gossips are good, to keep a neighborhood
From growing stagnant.
Then the Stocks, untiring in their bloom,
Outstanding to the last the Autumn frost,
With leaf and bloom entire, they seem to ask
Is there no shelter from the coming storm?
And then I'm forced to turn away as sad
And pitiful as a woman. The Datura
From the land of Orient, with its tuft
Of plume-like leaves filling the garden
With the fragrance of the creamy flowers
Which hang suspended like an astral lamp
In the bright moonlight; one might well expect
To find a Turk or that renowned "Chinee"
Bending beneath, in homage to such beauty.
Then the bright Marigold; if Agar's prayer
Leave me not poverty enough to grow
The "poor man's flower" I cannot make it mine;
So charming ever in its constant bloom.

The ever present weeds, some of them flowers
That like to children all unwisely petted
Have grown troublesome; they too have their lesson;
The Pansies which till now made gay the garden
With their varied flower with fleck and border
Gone, and yet by chance some bud lies sheltered
That will open to the Christmas sunshine
Bringing its offering to that gladsome day.
And last of all, my charming vine which climbed
Quite to my window, greeting me at morn
With fragrance of wild cherry, carrying me
To the wild hill-side and the early spring,
It's slender thread of bloom and waxen leaves
Still kept their freshness and their fragrance,
Even though the tender root, a stranger
From Madeira's sunny isle had long been
Housed and sheltered. Happy man is he, who
In forgetfulness of self can live for others,
Though each tie that binds to earth be severed,
And though prostrate like my vine, still makes life
Fragrant with his kindly deed, and be content,
As the frail, tender root, when laid aside
Away from storms and frosts of earthly cares
Till the glad opening of the eternal spring.

TIMOTHY *.

From the *Press*, March 1, 1873.

THE CHEESE FACTORY.

THE INVITATION.

"Poor Farmers," My heart to its bottom is stirred
And I'm fully determined my voice shall be heard.
You are laboring and toiling, by night and by day,
Persistingly selling your straw and your hay.
You wear out your teams and impoverish your ground,
And find you are in debt when the pay-day comes round.
Now the remedy sure for this evil, you see,
Is to build in our village a Cheese Factory.
We insure you a profit of twice twenty dollars,
On each cow you put in, and surely it follows,
Besides this net profit, you've freedom from care,
And find immense saving, in sad wear and tear;
With this thing once established our country will thrive,
And we'll no more be taunted as "dead and alive."

Thus freely the *Press* with the kindest intent,
Its columns, to aid in the enterprise lent,
For to lighten one's labor, his pockets to fill
Is a sign unmistakable, sure of good will.

THE CONSULTATION.

The Farmers concluded to lay up their plows,
And appoint a committee to wait on the cows
To find, could they muster one hundred or more
To give ten quarts a day, for months at least four;
So they went to a farm-yard, considered the best,
And found all the cows had lain down to rest;
But seeing at once that "business" was meant,
They rose in a body and gracefully bent;
Old Brindle, the boss, stood first in the rank,
While Nellie, and Daisy, and Sue made the flank.
They all stood in silence to hear the address,
And the question propounded, of ten quarts or less.
Disposing her cud in an orthodox way,
Old Brindle at once proceeded to say —
"My neighbors and friends, — it matters but little
What becomes of our milk, when once in the kettle,
But as to the quantity we can supply,
And whether its quality be poor or high,
These surely are questions beyond me or you,
Depending on sunshine, the showers and the dew,
Which seldom continue the whole season through.
The plan you propose is a good one no doubt,
In shifting the labor from indoors to out;
But I've lived long enough in this country to learn,
That whoever has money here has it to earn
And gladly enough I would some way suggest"—
Then a general stampede interrupted the rest
Of old Brindle's remarks; for with heels in the air
Little Daisy and Nellie and Snow Flake so fair,
We're half way to the Spring — and adjourned *Sine die*,
When a whinner was heard from the stable near by —
Says old Dobbin "allow me to open the door
For the late Epizootic has left my throat sore,
So I'm to be harnessed at night and at morn,
To take off the milk, besides hilling the corn,
Seven hundred and twenty odd miles I must go,
And one-half the way so dreadfully slow;

Twenty days at the least on the road I must be,
At a mile and a half from the Cheese Factory.
Supposing the butter and cheese to be fine
You may get in the end, a good price for my time.
But I give you mind, though none of you ask it,
You are putting your eggs, pretty much in one basket.

THE CONCLUSION.

Old Dobbin then turned, put his head in the rack,
The Committee, grown wise, to their plowing went back,
Resolved of their funds, not a penny should be
Laid out to procure a "defunct" factory.
Thanking Brindle and Dobbin for what they had spoken,
For further advisement they left the thing open.
So we keep up our courage to yet have a slice
Of curd so delicious, well cooled on the ice,
And that some future era, our village will see
Revived and adorned with a Cheese Factory.

TIMOTHY HOPEFUL *.

From the *Press* of March 15, 1879.

ANSWER TO TIMOTHY HOPEFUL.

Where'er in this world there's an effort to take
A step in advance, an improvement to make,
A band of opponents is always found ready
To keep the old world going slowly and steady,
As when Adam left it, without any blessing,
And gave us occasion for sorrow and dressing.
So when the young high-beating hearts of our village,
Are trying to rise above plowing and tillage,
And venture their means, or the means of their neighbors,
In efforts to lighten our feminine labors,
And give our young farmers a fair chance to see
The promised results of a Cheese-factory,
Tim Hopeful drives up with his horses and cattle
To give such improvements immediate battle,
And settle the point between culture and curds,
By whinner of horses and lowing of herds.
And if truth may be told, I cannot say but
They furnish the milk found in Tim's "Cocoanut,"
Yet to every one else the conviction remains,
That such allies are useful for muscle, not brains.
But what, after all, do these animals say,

That is close to the mark, in a reasoning way?
Or worthy of weight, on the point we're about
To leave to the public, twixt indoors and out?
Whether Cheese shall be made in the mill or our houses,
Is a family strife between men and their spouses,
And hoping right soon to be one of these last,
I nail up my flag to the Factory mast,
And enlist for the war, long or short be the time,
Till the thing is fought out both in reason and rhyme.
And the village shall know how each farmer is found,
To be fighter or fence-man on factory ground;
Each husband found willing to combat his spouse
Shall be duly enrolled under Tim with the cows,
And though tastes may differ, shall not be deterred,
From following Hopeful, to "make his voice he(a)rd."
To the beautiful bend of old Brindle so high,
And the vigor and grace with which Daisey's heels fly.
Mr. Timothy H—— has an amateur's eye;
But he'd show more humanity if he'd espy,
The horrible hump which each fair Louise,
Bears on her back, from the handling of cheese,
And the rustic routine to which she's confined,
Deforming the person, and dwarfing the mind;
Perhaps (with advice of his cows) he'd be able,
To let pampered Dobbin come out of his stable,
And render his share of the labor and travel,
For horses, not women, were made "to scratch gravel;"
And if Mr. Hopeful will fodder his clover,
And milk, skim, and churn, and the butter work over,
For the space of a year, then go to old Dobbin
And Daisey and Fannie, and Snow Flake and Robin,
And find them still willing to hold and avow,
The sentiments so satisfactory now,
As I firmly believe, his respect for old Brindle,
And her light-heeled descendants will speedily dwindle.
Why is woman condemned to washtub and broom,
The cooking stove, milking pail, oven, and loom,
The children and buttons forever recurring,
All hope in her case to the next world referring?
The factory power has abolished the loom,
(While Hopefuls are left we must use stick and broom).
The children we'll cherish, the buttons we'll sew,
But butter and cheese to the factory go.

We can then grace the parlor or write for the *Press*
And perhaps, find a moment, to think of our dress,
Or walk in the streets in our elegant ease,
And find fit occasions, the Hopefuls to tease,
Or the factory visit, and gratefully please,
All the happy young beaux who are making the cheese;
It gives me great joy as I gladly confess,
If we have not a factory, we have a *Press*
Which we hope will prove itself able to squeeze
Into Tim Hopeful's head progressive ideas,
Till he knows and respects a good factory cheese
And concedes to his mother and sisters the ease
Which water and co-operation have brought,
To those who for years have in solitude wrought.
Now I'm willing to listen to *men* when they talk
With discretion well worthy of *us*, and the theme,
And even like "*Christian*" with "*Hopeful*" would walk
In ways wide departing from cheeses and cream,
But if he persists in his ignoble way,
To stick to his kine, and whatever they say,
To counsel with cattle instead of a wife,
And make their opinion the rule of his life,
And submits to their judgment in matters of sense,
Or in matters involving pounds, shillings, and pence,
And continues his useless resistance to make,
To the needed reforms to which we are awake,
I'll visit the village (when I get my new bonnet),
And will leave for his private persual a sonnet,
Which, if I get time between churnings to pen it,
Will curdle his milk, "if my name is"

JANE RENNET.

MOUNT PISGAH, *March* 4th.

FOR THE PRESS.

Success to Jane Rennet, on Pisgah's fair height,
Like the rest of her sex, in the main, she is right.
It is quite past the time, as she stoutly asserts,
To be hanging our reasons on old Æsop's skirts,
But of one man we've heard, who, instead of his spouse,
Might have fared quite as well, had he counseled with cows.
And 'tis nothing but sham, for Jane to complain,
That this rustic routine has damaged her brain.
What Jane can be churning, at this time of year,

We confess to our minds she do'nt make quite clear,
But since she has hinted, that humps, such as these
Which we see on our "fair" come of "butter and cheese"
We take it another has just come in fashion,
And Jane has found something for churning and splashing:
When her bonnet is finished we're hoping to see
On what part of the back, the new hump is to be.
One question we ask, which 'tis right we should know,
Before we much farther in History go,
When the Rennets came into this country to settle?
We have searched all the records and find very little;
While such a Voluminous Rhymer as Jane
A record and pedigree fair should retain.
Our search revealed only that *rennet* by name
Which hangs in Tim's kitchen high up on the frame.
So Tim is a practical man, we are sure,
Or he would not have rennets hung up to cure,
And without Jane's help is provided, 'twould seem
To curdle at pleasure his milk or his cream,
But to credit this one with such sensible rhymes
Would revert us far back of Æsopian times.
If Jane is the type of the Pisgahain lass,
Our farmers will start for that region "en masse"
And the contest we're trying so feebly to pen,
Must be in this century fought over again.

HISTORY *.

JENKINS MILLS, *March* 17, 1873.

TO TIMOTHY HOPEFUL.

My dear Mr. Hopeful, I am sorry to learn,
The progress which marks this Centennial year,
Leaves you still as determined, and wrong, if you please,
On the factory system for butter and cheese
As when you first opened the newspaper fray,
Which has caused such a flood of poetical whey.
But as you have gallantly carried the day,
And turned all proffered improvements away,
You can grant the advantage, on woman conferred,
Of having, though vanquished, the last parting word.
Perhaps, ere the end of the season you'll see
How much you'd have gained from a Cheese factory,
For I heard of you searching and purchasing 'round
Till a tub, hoop, and follower slowly were found,

And then sadly trudging the dusty highway
With a *rennet* (not *Jane*, I am happy to say).
And now by experience trying to learn
Whether woman or dog power is cheapest to churn;
The conclusions you reach will surely prove wrong,
As you don't have a wife to assist you along.
For a woman of spirit will never submit
With you, and the dogs, on a level to sit.
So I wish all success to your "one-horse concern"
In that dear, only, school in which some people learn;
For you'll certainly know if you long enough live,
You'd better push onward than back strokes to give,
For the world must advance, and whoever says no,
Will be last in the dance, and be least in the show;
If all new improvements you recklessly stay,
You'll drive all intelligent workers away.
Even spirits as patient and hopeful as mine,
Cannot strive against men and their kine for all time,
So I look in the West, a fair living to earn
Without again turning a cheese or a churn,
Where men will acknowledge by word and by deed,
That woman the life of a slave need not lead,
But is fairly entitled, with science and skill,
All employments to seek, all positions to fill,
And to ask and receive an equal reward
For services equalling those of her "lord."
So I've left you dear T. to have your own way,
To follow advisers who bellow and bray,
And make up your cheese in the manner they say;
While I try in town with my pencil and pen,
To fill a new sphere, with more refined men,
Who recognize merit, however it's dressed
And catch a bright thought however expressed,
And have helped me already, most gracefully when
They softened Jane Rennet into

Yours,

BUFFALO, *August* 24th. JENNIE WREN.

Rensselaerville Press, December 21, 1872.

WANTED—A LAWYER FOR THE VILLAGE OF RENSSELAERVILLE AND VICINITY.

We do not want a Lawyer in Rensselaerville,
We are peaceful and happy, contented and still,

And if left to ourselves, all contention and doubt
Will be settled at once, or by time, be cleared out;
But with lawyers to gather and foster and fan
The embers of discord between man and man,
The furious fires of contention will raise,
The flames in which fortunes, and feelings will blaze:
And results to the litigants surely will tell,
That very old story of oyster and shell.
We don't want a lawyer, and hope the profession,
Will leave us enjoying the quiet possession
Of houses and lands, good fame ond fair wives,
And husbands and happiness crowning our lives.
You may say we're secluded, benighted, remote,
And that ignorance only can make us so dote
On our hills which surround, and the valleys between,
And the peace which to lawyers, but dullness doth seem;
But while we continue a law to ourselves,
Having bacon, not *Bacon*, well stored on our shelves,
With good things to chew, and all evil eschewing,
No lawyer need come to set mischief a brewing.
So young Mr. Briefless, don't come we entreat you,
No welcoming smiles or expressions will greet you,
But frowns and injunctions will readily meet you,
And prayers that opponents in all cases beat you,
Your suits will not suit us, your pleas will not please,
Your appearance will summon an opponent breeze,
Which will cut up your feelings and cut down your fees.
Such courting as yours, will ne'er court our girls,
They'll curl your law papers, to paper their curls;
If you file a petition, their wrath you'll incur,
If you make declarations, they all will demur;
Your offers of settlement, they will not refer
To papa or mamma, but would simply say, "Sir,
There's no vacancy here which a lawyer can fill,"
You'll be needy, not needed, in Rensselaerville,
Till you feel and confess that your causes are lost,
And your patience, much oftener taxed, than your cost.
You will please to take notice (for you should know well,
What the black-letter books of our common-law tell),
That the *Angles*, a lawyer defunct, did not bury,
But summed up his case by a process summary,
By shutting the corse in a dark room at night,
With windows and apertures fastened all tight,

"*Non habemus corpus*" is returned at daylight,
By the jurors who watch, and are sure "it's all right"
When they find the room filled with a sulphurous smell.
Suggesting that Briefless is taken to — dwell
Where the strife and contention, continued are rife,
In the quarrels which he had commenced in his life.
No, no, Mr. Press, we do not want a lawyer,
But a doctor, or farmer, or miller, or sawyer.
Or any one else, who can steadily strive,
By honest industry to prosper and thrive,
Will be welcomed at once to our hearts and our hive,
And we hope they may quickly, in numbers arrive,
And that you, Mr. Press, upon further advisement,
Will amend, or strike out, your false advertisement.

FOR THE PRESS.

Can it be that, to rouse up the Poets,
Though as soundly asleep as the Seven,
That the case of the hard-working Farmer,
As so utterly helpless, is given?
Being one of that reprobate number,
Who have thought, in our blundering way,
The Farmer, of men least dependent,
And that tilling, well followed, would pay,
I ask Mr. *Press* reconsider;
Take a look at yourself, as you stand,
And tell us how much of your wardrobe
The Farmer has not had in hand?
And what, in your well supplied larder,
Except with the Farmer for aid,
With all their receipts and inventions,
Could the Butcher and Baker have made?
What use for your mills, looms and shuttles,
Without grain, linen, worsted, and silk—
Or even our much talked of Factory,
Without Farmers to bring in the milk?
You must own that we furnish the staple,
From your crown to the sole of your shoe,
And for oiling up human machinery,
We, Farmers, have plenty to do.
'Tis true, we have need of some learning,
To help us quite clearly to see

How what at our door brings a penny,
At the next market town is worth three.
And how, far away in the city,
In his counting room tidy and neat,
Without knowing at all what it costs us,
The merchant sets price on our wheat,
And hits it, within such a fraction,
As passes our power to compute,
Or tell, to our own satisfaction,
Whether his or our foot wears the boot;
And how what we sell for a cow-skin,
The dealer will make into two,
And out of it, Crispin, so skillful,
Makes fair looking shoes up with glue;
How, instead of our wool, we get shoddy,
To keep off the north wind so keen,
And how the shirt bosom we carry,
Is linen so long as it 's clean.
We state these few items, belonging
To the purely benevolent scheme,
Which is quietly working for Farmers,
However ungrateful they seem;
And since, with the rest of mankind,
We are victims and debtors to art,
We trust we are not so unmanly
As to shrink from accepting our part.
'Tis all that is left us of Eden,
This dressing and tilling the ground,
And it came of not minding it truly,
That briars and thistles abound;
And a fair chance has he, who, not sparing,
Throws the seed on the well crumbled dust,
For a time, beyond reach of his caring,
To learn the great lesson of trust.
And when the soft showers are withholden,
And the frail blade by chill winds is tossed,
And the prophets, so wise in the weather,
Predict, with head-shakings, a frost,
Who so much needs faith in the promise,
That after the blade will the ear,
As the crown of our trust and our toiling,
In ripeness and beauty appear?
Then why call the Farmer's case hopeless?

Men's needs and God's promise forbid,
'Till men learn to live upon thistles,
The grain in the ground must be hid,
And all through the fruiting and ripening,
By Farmers be tended and wed,
And garnered all safe from the winter,
Till machines can be made with a head.

TIMOTHY HOPEFUL *.

A WORD FOR OURSELVES.

If the "*Press*" did, to rouse up the "Poets,"
Make the poor farmer's case out so sad,
At least one has risen in earnest,
And a wide-awake lecture we've had.
The farmer need not give up wholly,
In sorrow, distress, and despair,
With his fields white and golden for harvest,
With his woodlands and meadows so fair.
The "*Press*" is quite ready to own this,
And admits, too, the public has need
Of the thrifty and hard-working farmer—
Could not do without him, indeed;
But there's always two sides to a question,
The farmers have need of us, too.
In this world we must each help the other,
If either his noblest would do.
We will own, too, howe'er we regret it,
That dishonesty often does thrive;
That in spite of the many brave workers,
There are always some drones in the hive.
But there is "honor bright" and fair dealing—
There are men who are upright and true,
And we think they are not farmers only,
Who do what they promise to do.
There are shoes that are well worth the buying,
There are cassimeres fine and all wool,
There is linen that is not half cotton,
Thread 200 yards to the spool;
While's there's lard that is tinctured with tallow,
And eggs that we don't like to mention;
Our last tub of butter's so powerful,
That to eat it is not our intention.
For the lard, and the eggs, and the butter,

Written in reply to foregoing by Emily D. Hayek & inserted without her knowledge or permission.

Farmers ask the highest of prices,
And while they are asking, they grumble,
"The muslin is so dear at Rice's."
But we all of us have enough learning,
To find out the faults of our neighbors,
And we think the less study the better,
If the only result of our labor
Is to see in the friends who would help us,
Only schemers, who mean to beware,
That while they are picking our pockets
That their own have the closest of care.
We have found in our own short existence,
That this maxim will ever prove true:
"The man who never will trust you,
Is little worth trusting by you."
But, taking the world as we find it,
It is not such a very bad place,
There are sorrows, and shadows, and darkness,
There is joy, too, and sunlight and peace,
And we think, if each of us alway
Were searching far less for the shade,
We would oftener come to the sunlight,
Of this beautiful earth God made;
We would find not only the farmers,
Who garner the fruit and the grain,
But the "*Press*," and the "School," and the "Pulpit,"
Add each its link to the chain,
Which binds men together like brothers,
While the "lesson of trust" is the same,
Be it learned through faith in each other,
Or taught by the ripening grain.

DECORATION DAY, 1873.

"The following poem, written by "Citizen," for the occasion, was finely read by the Rev. J. H. Robinson."

Lay by the hammer, and block the wheel,
Let silence fall o'er the noisy mill,
Close the door of the village school,
A truce to frolic and wild misrule;
Leave the plow in the furrow, and come,
Friends and neighbors, every one,
Let old and young their tribute pay
To the loyal dead, whom we honor to-day.

Repeat to our children the story o'er,
How the war cry sounded from shore to shore,
And brother met brother, hand to hand,
Fighting for Freedom on Freedom's land;
How the Union Flag, which we love so well,
Lay torn and trampled in dust where it fell,
And to raise it on Southern soil again,
Repeated and loud came the "call for men."

Men were plenty; but men were few
Ready this bloody work to do;
Young and strong and stout of heart,
Ready from all they loved to part;
Home behind, with children and wife,
Naught before but battle and strife,
Fearless to stand with death in view,
Such were the men to "wear the blue."

Who but remembers that sunny day,
When the "Seventh Artillery" went their way?
Who can number the prayers and tears,
That followed each through those weary years,
Till from our small band, led on too far,
By unskilled command, or chance of war,
Twelve were surrounded and captured, they say,
The valiant braves whom we honor to-day?

They served their country, how long and well
None of them ever returned to tell,
Of that prison death, lingering and slow,
'Twas merciful, we never could know;
So surely the terrible work was done
As to leave us the bones of only one.
Martyrs and soldiers were these brave men,
To honor them more we meet again.

We have hallowed a spot, as the grave to be,
Of our soldiers who fought by land and by sea,
Who planted again, at the cost of life,
Our flag on the field with death so rife,
Sure that wherever their bones may rest,
That spot the Angel of Peace hath blest.
And the Sun of Freedom, long clouded o'er,
Shines on them with brightness unknown before.

Let the "Stars and Stripes," in graceful fold,
Drape the tall shaft, where their names are told;
Search the forest for flower and vine,
That fair young hands in wreaths may twine,
Let music swell the chorus grand,
Of a people free in a peaceful land,
Gathered their tribute of love to pay,
To the soldiers dead whom we honor to-day.

*

VILLAGE MEMORIES.

By Clinton Stone, 28 St. Mark's place, New York.

As I sit by my window in deep contemplation,
The city's dull roar dies away on my ear,
And memory's bells with divine inspiration,
Peal forth the sweet music of childhood so dear.

How sweet are the thoughts of youth's summer morning,
That cluster so fondly around those old hills,
When the battle of life as yet gave no warning,
And our hearts were as bright as your own laughing rills.

But hark! down the vista of time there comes pealing
The knell of the years that have blossomed and died,
The old chimney corners strange forms are revealing,
And the ones we have loved sleep on yonder hill-side.

But we n'er will forget the old institution,
O'ershadowed by poplars, that stands on the hill,
Where, on Fridays of old, with rare elocution,
Young Demosthenes sent through his hearers a thrill.

Through the wide world these scholars and hearers are scattered,
Solitude and decay hover round "Science Hill,"
And the hollow winds whistle through window panes shattered,
Where Gallup and Allen once held sovereign will.

Around the old cataract oft we have wandered,
When the wild flowers breathed forth the sweet perfumes of June,
On its moss-covered banks reclining we pondered,
And built airy castles that reached to the moon.

Years have rolled on, cherished spot, since I left you;
When I hear your sweet murmuring waters again,
Of the romance of boyhood, which time has bereft you,
I will longingly sigh for, alas! but in vain.

And there's the brick school-house, to all so familiar,
The green flowery meadow, the little white church—
And who has forgotten old Gilbert Vermilya,
Who gave us, young rascals, the "*essence of birch.*"

O, the old-fashioned winters, the sleigh riding parties,
The moon light, the sleigh bells, the clear frosty air,
At each bridge "taking toll" of our sweethearts so hearty,
And wondering if angels were ever so fair.

Those angelic fair ones, now old maids or mothers,
Who stole our young hearts in Ed. Dayton's old sleigh,
Have grown gray and sober as well as their brothers,
For the blush of "sweet sixteen" must soon fade away.

Thus in the midst of these fond recollections,
That pass through my mind in such pleasing review,
There come up, unbidden, these gloomy reflections,
That make an "Old Batch," feel exceedingly blue.

The clock points at twelve, and yet here I sit musing,
New York lies asleep and her great heart is still—
So, dear reader, good night, and while I lie snoozing,
May my dreams be sweet visions of Rensselaerville.

THE ROBIN IN THE OLD CHURCH-YARD.

"Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
Beyond the blooming and the fading,
Beyond the shining and the shading,
She is now."

—*Old Hymn Adapted.*

High up in the fresh budding maple,
In the church-yard sere and gray,
The earliest Robin sits singing
Her welcome, yet plaintive lay:

"My nest shall I build in this maple,
For here can my little ones stay,
All safe from the gun of the sportsman,
And I must begin it to-day.

"I can count all the roofs in the village,
None missing from fire or from flood,
Since last on the point of the church tower,
Fresh plumed for my journey I stood."

And is it my fancy thus adding
This strain to her oft chanted lay,
Of "Jillet, and Skillet, and Killet,
And I must begin it to-day."

We have each one a house to be builded,
For that day of fierce trial to stand,
When the heavens roll back as a curtain,
And fire wraps the sea and the land;

And no time to squander in faulting,
The material placed in our way,
'Tis all of His gracious providing,
Who has bidden us work while we stay.

We must build 'neath the shade of God's temple,
For safety is no where but there,
And each stone or each straw as we add it,
Must hallow with worship and prayer.

We cannot all build of fine marble,
To the few are left honor and fame,
But if "love for Christ's sake" be the mortar,
Our building will count for the same.

If we have not the wine, old and costly,
The cup of the thirsting to fill,
We can haste with the clear sparkling water,
He can "change it to wine" for us still.

We must build it with care and painstaking,
Not heeding the frown or the smile
Of the world, but still striving to make that
The better and happier meanwhile.

Then, if called, like the earliest sleeper,
From the bridal to hurry away,
Or like him whom the reaper fuond resting,
From "burden and heat of the day."

We may give up our house to His keeping,
Well knowing and trusting His care,
Who will add to it capstone or pillar,
To make it more comely and fair.

Thou art welcome, sweet Robin, my prompter,
That song has a lesson for me;

But away thou hast flown while, still idly,
I sit neath the fresh budding tree.

And far on the skirt of the wood-land,
I hear thee still singing away,
That "Gillet, and Skillet, and Killet,"
And I shall begin it to-day. *

TO H. W. H., ON HER BIRTHDAY.

As all day long, with buzzing sound,
My spinning wheel goes round and round,
My thoughts, meanwhile, go spinning too,
Yarns of all shades, red, white and blue;
Sometimes the color of the day,
Sometimes of memories far away,
Till midst the twisting threads I seem,
Twixt wheel and spindle in a dream.

And you, to-day, have been the theme,
Of the old spinner's waking dream;
So putting our two heads together,
My wheel and I, have wondered whether
It were not fitting the occasion
To send you a short salutation,
For, with to-morrow's rising sun,
The dear child will be twenty-one.

But what to gratulate about,
Seems matter of some little doubt;
To speak of joys that freedom brings,
Yourself have clipped the Poet's wings;
How sing of freedom to the bird
Held tightly by a silken cord?
Or count one's ownership of pelf,
Who is not mistress of herself?

Your bark safe moored in verdant cove,
Well guarded by the eye of love,
With pilot sitting in the stern,
Who has had time the course to learn,
No freaks of coquetry we fear,
No pirate craft will venture near,
E'er yet your freedom had begun,
You're a caged bird at twenty-one.

Winding this nonsense on the reel,
We come to what we truly feel,
Thankful to Him whose loving care,
Has made you, dear child, what you are,

Whose angels round your path have stood,
Guiding you safe to womanhood,
With life before you, well begun,
If bound or free at twenty-one.

Long may you live, and not alone,
In the small house of plain gray stone,
Mid clustering vines and roses fair,
And morning-glories in your hair,
A model housewife, and the pride,
Of all the dwellers at your side,
With mamma spared to share your cares,
And coddle "angels unawares."

To you, this warp so poorly spun,
Gathered in love threads, one by one,
We bring, that you a woof may find
Of loving deeds, the whole to bind,
And make a garment plain and good,
Best suited to your womanhood,
Which, when the angels come to fold,
They'll find the lining all of gold.

September 12, 1878. *

OUR MILLER — DEAD.

Morn rose, as scores of other morns had risen,
Fresh and beautiful, with the slight crispiness
Which comes ever when the nights grow longer.
The long leaves and tassels of the corn bent
Neath the dewy weight which was to help them
Through another day of August sunshine—
As we need each morn the dew of blessing
And of grace to bear our daily burdens.
But this morn was not like other mornings,
Though the sun did put a crown of gold
On every hill-top, and the "Ten Mile" sparkled
As it ran, sometimes with a bound and leap
Down the steep rock, and then with quiet flow

Close beside the miller's door, as if to give
Its morning salutation. Still this was
Unlike other mornings, for the door
Of the old mill was shut — the miller dead.
Scarcely could one tell which was the greater,
Sorrow or surprise, at the sad tidings;
For the miller was well known to all men;
One of those noblest works, "an honest man,"
And but yesterday was walking with them.
Stout of frame was he, but with slight pallor,
Which might come of in-door life; but he had come
To count on all things, as a traveler
On a short journey, and had striven to keep
The faces that he loved to look upon
Near to him through the day, and when night came,
The miller laid him down to rest, and died.
What bore him up through all that day, and kept
True to all duties, husband, father, friend,
Neighbor and citizen — and death so near?
Who but those ministers compassionate,
Camping around the just, God-fearing man.
No need to drape the old mill with mourning,
For no deed of grasping, no false measure,
Soiled our miller's name. He is dead now,
And the fields of buckwheat on our hill-sides,
So white and beautiful in the moonlight,
(That one might fancy summer had gone mad,
And scattered snow fields here and there), ripen
For other hands, for now our miller's dead!

August 24. TIMOTHY *.

DECORATION DAY. 1878.

THE SOLDIER TO HIS COMRADES.

Listen, comrades! Our children come
With mellow horn and beating drum,
And that grand old tune that we sang at night
Ere the battle call to that fearful fight,
As we sat in our tents, in the twilight glow,
Where the broad Potomac's waters flow,
"The land of the free and the home of the brave;"
They are playing it now at the soldier's grave.

They have not forgotten us, comrades, no,
Fresh flowers they bring o'er the graves to throw;
Our daughters are grown to be maidens fair,
Our sons now would rifle and knapsack bear,
Should foe invade or rebel rise,
To cloud with war the peaceful skies;
Fair Country! may they ever be
Defenders brave and true of thee.

They have not forgotten us, comrades, yet,
The flowers they bring with their tears are wet,
The flowers are the gift of Mother Earth,
But the glistening drops have a higher birth;
Coming from hearts none else can fill,
Hearts that cherish and love us still;
Then treasure them up, those precious tears,
To hallow the gifts of coming years.

For swiftly the years are hurrying on,
When they'll look in vain through the crowd for one
Who knew the soldiers, or cared for their fate,
Whose tombs we now gratefully decorate.
Will they hear it then, the dear old strain,
We sang at night, ere the battle plain
Was wet with the blood of the true and brave,
Will they sing it then at out soldier's grave?

The pageant is over, the birds have come,
For their evening song to our quiet home,
'Till the apple flower opens again, we "*rest*,"
To the weary soldier what word is more blest?
But the echoing strain will aye prolong,
The chorus grand of that patriot song,
"The star spangled banner, long may it wave,"
Its calm folds in peace o'er the soldier's grave.

*

For the *Folio* (1830).

MOTT VILLE.

In this sequestered, calm retreat,
The social Passions often meet:
Here Innocence has claimed a place,
And Peace unveils her smiling face.

Here Pity's eye distills the tear
For others' woes, with love sincere,
And gently tries to wipe away
What clouds the sunshine of the day.
Here Perseverance, with a mind
Leaving all doubts and fears behind,
Still presses onward to the prize
That ever waits the good and wise.
Here Cheerfulness, with sprightly strain,
Chases pale Melancholy's train;
Drives gloomy Discontent away,
And spreads around perpetual day.
Here Faith illumes the darkened sight,
And ushers in celestial light;
And Charity, unrival'd guest!
Hath claimed a place above the rest.
And may no discord enter here,
No envious slanders pain the ear;
No jealousy disturb the breast,—
But Confidence, a sacred guest,
Still hold her empire, chasing far
Each germ of ill this peace to mar.

CLARA.

From the *Rural Folio* of June 22, 1830.

TO CLARA.

Thy song has burst upon the ear
In sudden sweetness,—far or near,
No "angel's hand a harp had strung,"
Nor poet's soul its musings sung,
'Till thine, like midnight music's power,
Gained sweetness from the silent hour;
And broke the spell so dread and deep,
That bound each lay in noiseless sleep.

No scene which living Nature claims,
Nor fairy lands, which fancy frames,
Can boast a prospect more serene
Than that which gives thy Muse a theme.
I've gazed upon it. Modest Art
Has formed but Nature's counterpart,
And added neat Improvement's aid

To the wild beauties Nature made.
Its cheerful aspect, like the face
Enlightened by Religion's grace,
Has o'er my spell-bound spirit brought
A train of high and holy thought.
I've seen your joyful little band
Of youthful Virtues — hand in hand,
And heart in heart. They seemed to show
Those joys no restless heart can know;
No downcast eye, no sigh suppressed,
Concealed the sorrows of the breast;
For Pity's tears e'er wash away
"What clouds the sunshine of the day."

Again I've looked,— no voice was there,
But silent, solemn, secret prayer
Rose noiseless through the holy air.
The modest look, the glistening eye,
Proved some communing spirit nigh;
And told of hope as pure, as free
And boundless as eternity.

Hang not thy harp, so social now,
Upon the weeping-willow's bough;
But let each passing mountain gale
Waft its sweet music o'er our vale;
And let thy ever welcome song
In sacred thought its strain prolong.
'Twill throw around thy "calm retreat"
A Muse's charm, a classic sweet;
And even Fame shall notice yet
Thy sweetly carroll'd canzonet.
The cheerful, calm content it breathes
With whitened locks its garland wreaths,
And lingers, like the twilight ray
When night's dark veil has shut out day,
Or age has driven youth away —
And like the virtuous, cheerful wife,
Breathes o'er each scene with rapture rife
The heartfelt poetry of life.

MUSIDORA.

From the *Rural Folio.* 1830.

THE MAIDEN TRIBUTE.

"We call on thee, Don Ramiro, in the name of God, to burst the ignominious bondage of Moorish power, and boldly refuse to pay the accustomed maiden tribute."—*Romance of History.*

The Moor again! why, valiant Spain,
This badge of slavery still retain?
And yield to passion's base demand,
The choicest beauties of thy land?
Shall reckless, heartless tyrants make
A tributary band of thine,
And from thy blooming garden take
The fairest flowers of beauty's clime?

Shall thy proud freemen stoop to wear
The look of fear or slavish care,
And chivalry this stigma bear,
While one who loves or lives is there?
While glory's halo burns around
Thy gallant, high-born monarch's head,
And Spain's most daring foe has found
A conquerer, where Ramiro led?
Shall thy fair daughters plead in vain,
To hearts that boast the blood of Spain?
Shall each entreating look and sigh
Unheeded and unfelt pass by?
And shall the silent agony,
That tells a woman's dreaded doom,
Fall powerless upon the eye
That gazes on her blushing bloom?

No, King of Spain; we call on thee
To rise with us—we will be free—
And wash this deep, ungallant stain,
With blood, from fair Hispania's name.
Your noble subjects spurn the thought,
Of such an annual offering,
And peace to them with tribute bought,
Is worse than all that war can bring.
"My word is passed — to-morrow's sun
Shall see a deed of glory done,
And Spain shall not complain of sights,

Unworthy King Ramiro's knights.
My midnight visions have revealed,
That holy Santiago's power
Will aid us in the bloody field,
To gain our freedom from the Moor."
The night passed on — as rose the sun
Death's desperate doings were begun.
The Moor's cold blood soon stained the sod
Where oft with spurning foot he trod.

MUSIDORA.

THE FOUNTAIN.

TO J. H. M.

From my thread-like streamlets underground,
Up, up I bubble the whole year round,
Making no bluster in what I do,
But silent, like most things good and true.
Rest is not for me; I never can keep
My full flowing springs in the hill-side deep,
For He who created commands me to run
Till lost in the ocean or raised to the sun.
So when I have cheered every one on my track,
To the fountain of all I hurry me back.
I wish I could learn where old Jack Frost resides
Who plays his smooth pranks on my shivering sides,
And binds me with ice, vainly trying to stop
The generous stream flowing over my top.
My side-aches are constant when weather is cold;
The most of my staves are now getting quite old,
And the poundings I get from wagon tongues
Tell sadly enough on my bones and lungs.
I have heard men talk while waiting they stood,
About something which they called gratitude,
And I wondered at night, when I was alone,
If their's was the usual way it was shown.
Very thankful am I, that I have no time,
To note down my troubles in prose or in rhyme,
For before the sun shines on the village roofs,
I hear the sound coming of clattering hoofs;
Up comes dog Jack, but half awake,
The first his morning draft to take,
My edge with dainty tongue he tries,

Then plunges in up to his eyes,
And says: "How delightful! this water so nice,
Excites to a run over snow drifts and ice,
So I must be off, for here there are four,
And there come enough to make up a score."
While Baltis' old horse, his cow and his pony,
Stand back and call in polite ceremony:
"Make way for Margaret's heifer there,
Of all the lot not one more fair.
Come take your drink, and when you've done,
Be sure to turn your face towards home,
And no more give your mistress pain,
From hearing that you're "dead again."
Of my pure flowing water, now all take your fill,
'Twill be scarcer and dearer "down under the hill,"
Where, at ten cents a pail full, how easy I might,
With pails enough, gather much money each night;
But what would money be to me,
A fountain, joyous, merry, free?
So on, and on, by night and day,
The way side fountain flows away,
And scarcely has uttered a louder sound,
Than dew drops make when they fall to the ground;
If it could speak as it hurries away,
Something like this it would feelingly say:
"Thrice blessed is he who water will bring
To cherish or gladden a living thing,
For man and beast, and plant and flower,
Cry water, water, every hour,
And its silent worth you never will know,
Till the way-side fountain shall cease to flow."

*

THE PICNIC ON THE 10TH.

Our hills were never fairer, our valleys livelier green,
And waxen in the moonlight, forest and orchard gleam;
The buckwheat fields so fragrant, in dress of dazzling white,
Promise honey and the cakes our winter to delight.
We have toiled through all the summer at our roots and grain and butter;
At first the drought, and then the rains, have kept us in a flutter:
But hay and oats at last are stored in barn and shed,
And all turned out "beyond our hopes," as somebody has said.

So now we jolly farmers, with all our jolly wives,
Have settled on a "picnic," which shall the town comprise.
We think a change will do us good, and help us to find out
What all the people of the town are thinking most about —
Whether 'tis best, times are so hard, to let our land lie still,
And go to town to buy and sell, and so our pockets fill?
Grave question this, which needs to be well put on either side,
Since he who takes the negative must battle wind and tide.
But we must leave to time and taste the subjects to be treated,
And come at once to the good cheer 'round which we shall be seated.
We ask of each, with heart and hand, to aid us in our plan,
For we shall need, at least compute, six biscuits to a man,
With ham and beef, and tongue, or fowl, in roast, or stew, or bake,
With jellies, pickles, coffee, cream, and quantities of cake.
For though we, men, are apt to speak lightly of "pies and things,"
They say we always are on time when Jane the basket brings.
And we must have the children, too, with all their traps and toys,
And everything (but guns) to make it pleasant for the boys.
Bring fruit and flowers to grace the spot well chosen where we meet,
The sky our roof, with curtaining trees, and carpet for our feet,
Such as no Axminster or Brussels can supply,
New every year, what Prince could well with such luxuriance vie?
One hundred thirty is the lot selected for our fete.
We trust there's ample room for all, but mind you're not too late,
For those of us who have no wives our duty is quite plain,
To bring our sweet hearts, I intend to take my Susan Jane.

TIMOTHY HOPEFUL.*

IT IS ENOUGH.

It is enough, enough that we,
Servants, may as the Master be,
Though earth should prove a weary place,
To us who would His footsteps trace.
No life of rest that Master led,
Who found not where to lay his head,
Nor pleasure, who did Heaven forego,
That we its untold bliss might know.

It is enough, with Him to feel,
Each pang that did our pardon seal,
Care, sorrow, man's contempt and slight,
Desertion, in death's darkest night,

Hope blasted, and our good report,
Of every idle word the sport;
Thorny and rough the path he trod,
Man to teach men the way to God.

It is enough, when quails the heart,
Tried by the subtle tempter's art,
To feel that He whose name we bear,
Can guide our feet through every snare,
And when our strength and courage fail,
And doubt or fear our soul assail,
To know God's smile once turned from Him.
In whom could dwell no thought of sin.

O Savior! give us grace to bear
Thy love, then, in no stinted share,
Along the ways of thy blessed feet,
Till our redemption is complete,
Then, by thy cross, our place to take,
Buried with Thee, in hope to wake,
For words are not to tell how blest,
The grave, since it hath been Thy rest.

*

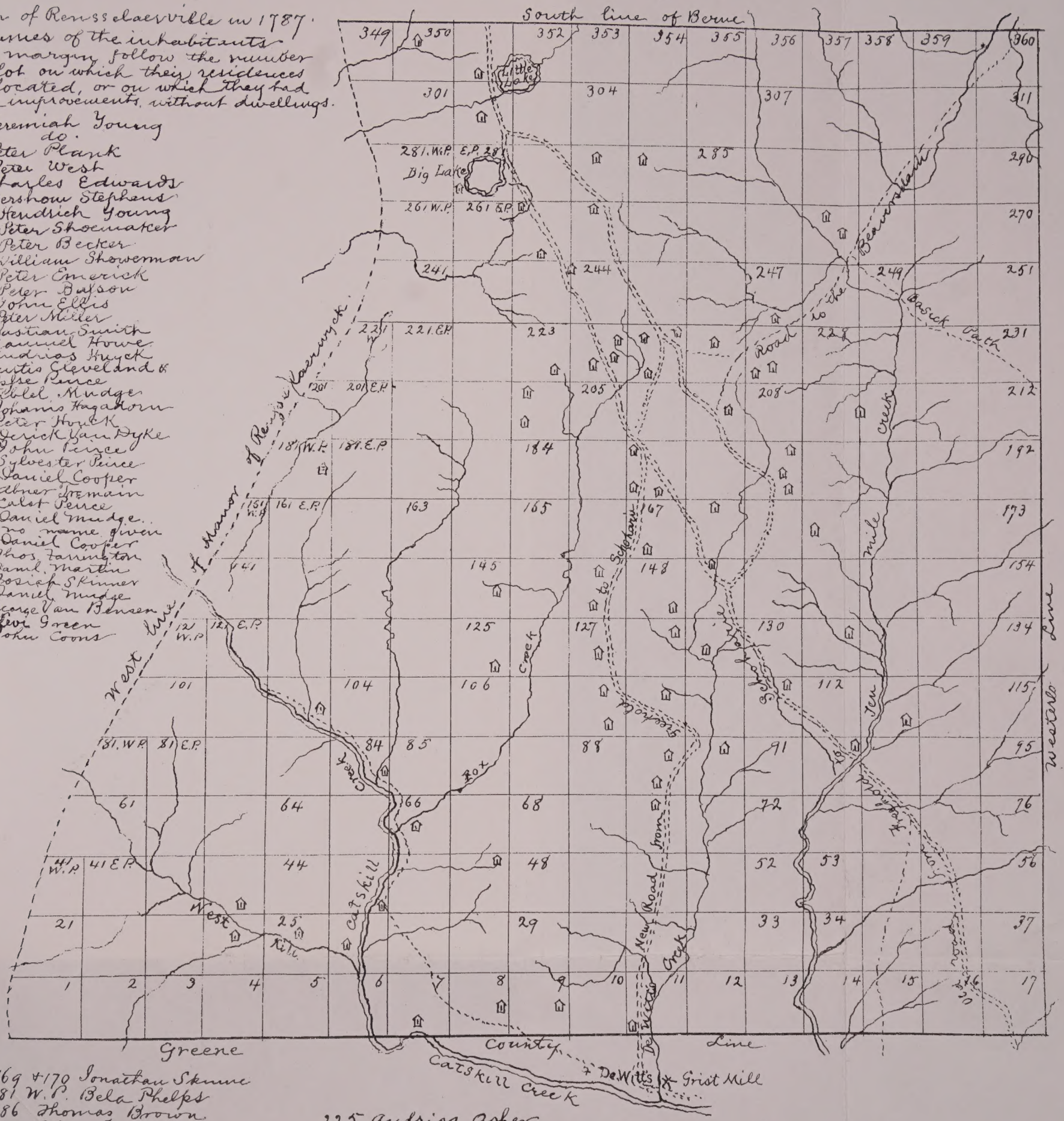
Map of Rensselaerville in 1787.
The names of the inhabitants on the margin follow the number of the lot on which their residences were located, or on which they had made improvements without dwellings.

Lot 5 Jeremiah Young
6 do.
7 Peter Plank
8 Peter West
9 Charles Edwards
11 Gershom Stephens
24 Hendrich Young
25 Peter Shoemaker
26 Peter Becker
37 William Showerman
43 Peter Emerick
45 Peter Bafson
47 John Ellis
56 Peter Miller
66 Justian Smith
70 Samuel Howe
84 Andries Huyck
88 Curtis Cleveland &
89 Isaac Pierce
90 Ebel Mudge
92 Johanis Hagadorn
102 Peter Houck
103 Derick Van Dyke
108 John Pierce
109 Sylvester Peirce
111 Daniel Cooper
125 Abner Freman
127 Calot Peirce
128 Daniel Mudge.
129 no name given
131 Daniel Cooper
145 Thos. Farrington
147 Saml. Martin
" Josiah Skinner
148 Daniel Mudge
149 George Van Benson
167 Levi Green
168 John Coons

169 & 170 Jonathan Skinner
181 W.P. Bela Phelps
186 Thomas Brown
" Adam Coons
" Niel Mc Falls
188 Reuben Bumpis
" Philemon Lee
" Hezekiah Dibble
204 Hendrick Rhoda
" Samuel Nichols
206 Ganabiel Palmer
207 John Nichols.
209 Reuben Bumpis
210 Bela Cook.
223 Jonathan Edmonds
224 Alanson Sexton
" Andrias Asher

225 Andrias Asher
" Michael Grant
" Ashbel Culver
226 John Rascane
227 Nathan Hatch
" Jonathan Crocker
243 Widow Becker
247 Daniel Cooper
262 Becker
Staats
263 James Burtkiak
267 Joseph Lincoln
" John Ranzier
281 E.P. James Broyce
282 John Kerow
283 John Hunter

284 no name given
302 Samuel Ramsey
303 John Hunter
350 George Ramsey
351 John Cornell.



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